

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Christ and the Profiteers

By REGINALD GUNNS, O.P.

Mlle. Deschamps Talks

By ALICE MARY CLEGG

Where Faith Abounds

By P. W. BROWN, D.D., Ph.D.

The Passionists in China

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Vol. 9, No. 8

March, 1930

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The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Lent: March 5 to April 19

THE CHURCH'S SPECIAL CALL TO PENANCE

THE Catholic Church teaches today, as she has always taught, the sinfulness of sin and the need of penance for personal sins. She sets aside the Lenten Season to emphasize the malice of sin by holding before her children the agonizing form of her Crucified Redeemer in the atonement He made for sin in the hope that by the contemplation of His sufferings His followers may learn the measure of the wickedness of sin and be inspired to make some reparation for their own sins.

Man-made religions have tried either to deny the existence of sin or at least to minimize its awfulness. The Mohammedan seeks relief from sin by trying to convince himself that his sins are the results of his weakness and that the All-Merciful overlooks them as human frailties. His god is an easy-going god who indulgently winks at evil.

By its doctrine that men are saved by faith alone, Protestantism has deluded many a soul into thinking that Christ has made all necessary satisfaction for sin, that good works and penance are not required for salvation, and that the individual is freely justified and saved in spite of any personal merits or demerits of his own. That also is a most comfortable doctrine and a forcible confirmation of Count De Maistre's saying that "The Reformation was the emancipation of the flesh."

Many moderns deny sin by giving it a new name. It is "a physical weakness," or "a mental complex," or "a growing pain of the soul." They deny it also by blaming it on their temperament, or their early training, or their present environment. Some go as far as to impute their sins to the All-Holy God by saying that He made us as we are and is responsible for our sins. These are practical atheists whose chief sin is horrible blasphemy.

But sin remains a fact whether it be denied or given another name; and the only thing for us Catholics to do is to face it as a fact that calls for contrition and penance. The Cross of Jesus Christ was no accident in His life. It was His witness to the existence of sin, to the enormity of sin, and to the forgiveness of sin for those who ask for it in a penitent and contrite spirit.

The majority of Catholics in this country are dispensed from the observance of the Lenten fasts and abstinences prescribed by the Church; but sincere Catholics should not and will not go through Lent without performing some definite penance in reparation for their own sins and in gratitude to Jesus Crucified for the atonement He made on the Cross for human iniquity.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Nine

March, 1930

Number Eight

Current Fact and Comment

Are the Movies Ruining Your Children

PERHAPS the most important study of the movie habits of children has been made by Alice Miller Mitchell in her book, "Children and the Movies." She studied the Movie habits of 10,052 children in Chicago, and we are not far from wrong in presuming that her conclusions are applicable to the average child everywhere in the United States. She found that the vast majority of children attended the Movies unaccompanied by adults, that they choose their own pictures and that they are chiefly influenced in their choice by the thrilling powers of the ads in the newspapers and in the theatre lobbies.

Her experiences substantiate the statements of well-known educators, judges and social workers, as to the effects that many of the pictures have on children.

Professor Edward A. Ross, Wisconsin sociologist, says: "The conclusion forced upon me is that more of the young people . . . are sex-wise, sex-excited, and sex-absorbed than of any generation of which we have knowledge. Thanks to their premature exposure to stimulating films, their sex instincts were stirred into life years sooner than used to be the case with boys and girls from good homes, and as a result in many the love chase has come to be the master interest in life."

Judge Miriam Van Waters, Ph.D., of the Los Angeles juvenile court, says: "It is useless for the church to preach chastity on Sunday if 'Cleopatra' is being shown on Monday at the neighborhood theatre; that is to say, it is obvious to Mary there are decidedly two adult permissible ways of looking at the matter."

Mrs. Charles E. Merriam, former motion picture chairman of the Parent-Teacher association, in replying to Mr. Carl E. Milliken, who in a speech had declared that motion pictures are beneficial because "the thrills which they occasion are the same as the thrills of actual physical participation," says: "Perhaps Mr. Milliken does not spend his time at the movies he extols,

watching the reactions of the children to these pictures. Probably he was not at the theatre when the little five-year-old shouted out: 'Oh, goody, we are going to have a murder!' I want to ask Mr. Milliken if that child got the thrill of actual participation in that murder? If he did, then perhaps that is the answer to the crime wave of today."

Judge Daniel P. Trude, of the Boys' court, Chicago, says: "The boys do get these ideas from the movies, whether they testify in court that they do or not. . . . A boy gets the Bill Hart idea and wants to do such a job as this."

Professor Walter B. Pitkin, professor of psychology at Columbia university, says: "I attended a matinee one day in Fresno, California, and saw at that theatre one of the most astonishing exhibitions of mob hysteria that I have ever witnessed. The audience, mostly children stamped their feet, shouted, whistled, shrieked, wept, ran around madly and even talked to the actors on the screen, urging them on and rooting for their favorites . . . There is the greatest possible danger to the highly sensitive, emotionally excitable child in the theatre crowded with children."

Now let us hear from a few of the many children whose testimony is recorded in Mrs. Mitchell's book referred to above.

A boy of fourteen: "I liked especially the fighting and torturing . . ."

A boy of sixteen: "I like it where guys get killed with dynamite. . . ."

A Boy Scout after seeing a mystery play: "I didn't sleep for a week . . . I dreamed of skeletons."

Another lad: "It makes you nuts to see so many movies . . . Just don't know what you are doing when you see movies so often. They make you want things you haven't got . . . and you take them."

A young delinquent: "Movies make most anything

seem all right. Things that look bad on the outside don't seem to be bad at all in the movies."

A thirteen-year-old girl: "I like the part best where the girl wanted another girl's husband and took two dimes with heads on both sides and tossed the dimes. Of course, she got heads, so she got him."

A sixteen-year-old girl: "Those pictures with hot love-making in them; they make girls and boys sitting together to get up and walk out, go off somewhere, you know. Once I walked out with a boy before the picture was even over. We took a ride. But my friend, she all the time had to get up and go out with her boy friend."

A fifteen-year-old delinquent boy: "Movies sorter coax a feller. You know you see them in the movies doing things, looks so easy. They get money easy in the movies, holdups, rob, if they make a mistake they get caught. A feller thinks he won't make a mistake if he tries it. I thought I could get the money, put it in a bank a long time and then use it later."

In the name of God when will our Catholic parents wake up to the danger their innocent children are exposed to from the uncensored films of murder, robbery and lust exhibited in practically every show-house in the country!

The New (?) Humanism

A NEW movement has been started in New York City by the Rev. Charles Francis Potter. It is called Humanism. The pith of the movement is an insistence on the full and complete acceptance of Science and the practical rejection of God. In other words, Humanism means a religion without God. Henceforth there shall be no more communion with a personal and provident God, a Spirit outside and above this visible world, no more prayer, no more religious dogma. This bold movement is advertised as a modern approach to the solution of humanity's longings. But this new movement is very old—about two thousand years old. Humanism is nothing but a modern revival of Stoicism, a system of philosophy which concerned itself with man and man alone. Stoicism left out of reckoning all investigation of the origin and destiny of man, and directed all its efforts to the perfection of man, as though he were the sole reason for his own existence.

Now: such a system evades, by a kind of unreasonable escape, the great questions which underly all human life—such as the eternal question as to man's origin and destiny. It avoids all communication with the Maker of the universe. In so far as it shuns such questions it cannot enlist the interest of thinking men, for any system of philosophy which deliberately deserts discussion of these awful issues is cowardly in its very inception, and is doomed, like all other systems of its kind, to ignoble failure. For, after all, man, with his unsatiable longings, will not rest content with the sawdust which is served him in place of bread. Man does not live by bread alone, it is true, but no man will subsist very long unless he has some kind of bread to feed upon. And Humanism is not only cowardly, but also fraudulent, in so far as it not only denies men bread, but insists that man does not need bread.

The New Humanism will not last. A system designed to aid man to perfection, even in this world, will not endure until it goes outside this world, for the reason of man's being here at all. And that answer the true religion alone can give, with its teaching that "man was created to serve and glorify God in this world, in order to be happy with Him forever in the next."

Two Frock Coat Saints

MEN who wear frock coats and ride in limousines are not commonly regarded as being saints. In the popular estimation money and high virtue are not usually associated. But two French capitalists have recently been proposed to the Sacred Congregation of Rites for beatification and canonization. They are Philibert Vrau and his brother-in-law, Camille Feron-Vrau, both of whom died within the past thirty years. When their cause was proposed, Pope Benedict XV named the two candidates for the honors of the altar "the frock coat saints."

The story of their lives is very interesting. Philibert Vrau was born in Lille in the year 1829. Camille Feron was two years younger. Both were playmates from childhood. Camille eventually married the sister of Philibert, and added Vrau to his name.

Philibert Vrau was the son of a factory owner of Lille. He was sent to the university for a general education. Camille became a physician. After receiving his degree Philibert grew remiss in his Catholic duties, because of the influence of false philosophy. For four years he ceased to practice his religion. But even during that time he manifested a tender interest towards the aged poor. He founded for their benefit a philanthropic society which, later on, he converted into a religious society in harmony with Catholic principles.

Chiefly through the influence of his friend, Camille Feron, Philibert returned to the Church. He became convinced that the Catholic Church had the only solution for the ills which afflict society, especially those which concern the relations of capital and labor. Together these two men set about transforming the working conditions in Lille. They strove to carry out the aims of a true Catholic socialism in effecting a peace based upon justice and charity between employers and employees. To this end Philibert and Camille organized a society for both employers and employees. They inaugurated the Corporation of St. Nicholas for spinners and weavers, with a council consisting of working men and employers, and a cooperative fund to which both parties contributed. They provided elementary and technical schools for the people, and started the first polytechnic in France.

Not only did these capitalists engage in attaining economic peace, but they also founded guilds, pilgrimages, clubs, and confraternities, mutual aid societies, and modern dwellings for the workers. But their attention to the spiritual welfare of their people was paramount. Philibert Vrau founded the Lille Circle of Prayer, whose *Bulletin* attained a circulation of 22,000. Three years later he established the Cercle de Lille, which organized the Catholic congresses for the Nord Department. They became convinced that more small parishes were better

suited to the spiritual welfare of the people, than a few large churches, drawing from a large radius. The direct result of their activity in this line was the creation of the new diocese of Lille, which was separated from the diocese of Cambrai. Philibert introduced nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in Lille, and was largely responsible for the establishment of the International Eucharistic Congresses, the first of which was held in his city of Lille in 1881. Both Philibert and Camille promoted with great zeal and efficiency the work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Camille did much to permeate the medical profession with Catholic principles and ideals, chiefly through the Society of St. Luke. Besides his activities in the religious sphere Philibert founded the Catholic University of Lille. Both men were also greatly interested in the cause of the Catholic Press. Philibert died in 1905 and Camille in 1908. Such in brief outline is the life story of these two men.

The introduction of their cause serves to emphasize the possibility of attaining true spiritual greatness, no matter in what sphere a man may move. To become saints while rich is worthy of double praise, for it is harder to be perfect when wealthy than when poor. We hope that their cause will terminate successfully, and that we will soon have two "frock-coat saints" in the Catholic calendar.

Conscientious Objector

REV. DR. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, Dwight Professor of Theology at Yale University, has been denied citizenship because he refused to take an unconditional oath to bear arms in time of war. In his statement directed to the United States District Court of New Haven, Conn., he declared that his first allegiance was to the will of God, and that he felt that he could not take an oath to do anything which might come into conflict with that Supreme Will, as would be the case in an unjust war.

The refusal of the Court to grant Prof. MacIntosh citizenship papers is at least interesting. In his response to the Professor's appeal, Warren B. Burrows, United States District Judge, declared that "the testimony of the petitioner and his witness in open court . . . considering his allegiance to be first to the will of God, would not promise in advance to bear arms in defense of the United States under all circumstances, it is decided that the petitioner is not attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and further decreed that said petition for citizenship be denied."

The principle invoked by Prof. MacIntosh is certainly a valid one. Every citizen's first allegiance is to God, and not to the State. If this principle is not conformable to the Constitution of the United States, then our Constitution is not worthy the respect of a Christian man. How can any man absolutely and blindly promise to bear arms in every and all wars? If all wars were just, there would be no difficulty. But to contend that

all wars are just is absurd. Therefore, it is possible that a man, by taking an unconditional oath, may contract to bear arms in an unjust war. No man can participate in an unjust war, any more than he can in an unjust action, such as stealing. In war, as in every other human action, the first and supreme principle is conformity to the Will of God. Whatever contradicts that Will must be abandoned. To swear only under the condition that the war be just is both reasonable and religious. Is not God to be obeyed before the State? That is what St. Peter declared, when he was forbidden any more to preach Jesus Christ, "it is better to obey God rather than man." When the State contradicts the command of God, then the State is not to be obeyed.

In former days some kings arrogated to themselves the prerogative that they could do no wrong. That usurpation of divinity has been charged to Catholic sovereigns, whereas it was the declaration of a Protestant king and cabinet. Controversialists have attacked this falsely-attributed Catholic doctrine as a denial of the rights of the citizen. But to hold that States can do no wrong, is to hold the above wicked doctrine, only under a different name. And to say that the State is always engaged in a just war is tantamount to affirming the principle that "the king (state) can do no wrong." An omnipotent and infallible State, whose orders are always to be obeyed without hesitation, is but a Soviet system on the foundations of Christian democracy.

The delicate question of conflicting loyalties will arise only when it is certain that the war in which the State is engaged is unjust. The conscience of each citizen must be made up as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the war in which the State is engaged. After all, conscience is the supreme individual norm of morality. Everything which is contrary to conscience is sin. St. Paul taught, "all that is not of faith (conscience) is sin." Surely, it is not the part of a Christian country to contradict that principle.

The difficulty which arises in the minds of zealous patriots when a petitioner for citizenship makes this reservation is that the principle, if universally invoked, would be suicidal. It would quickly be made use of by those who are willing to conceal their cowardice under a show of conscience, in order to escape the common burden. That difficulty is only problematical, and most unlikely. The mass of citizens have very little to do with starting a war. Most of them do not know what it's all about. That seems to have been the prevailing attitude of those who engaged in the World War. So, practically speaking, the citizen must form his conscience on the word of the President and Congress of the country, and presume that the conflict is just. In such a case, every citizen who is able must bear arms, if called by the supreme civil authority.

So in effect Prof. MacIntosh's reservation is merely a theoretical objection, which in practice will have little or no force. It seems to us that the District Court placed too great emphasis upon this theory, and magnified beyond due bounds the dangers feared from its acceptance. It will be interesting to find what the Supreme Court of the United States will decide, when this petition is placed before that tribunal.

Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

Edited by N. M. LAW

THE DIVINE CARPENTER

Our Passion poem for this month is by Flora S. Rivola, and is printed in the *Christian Century*:

Workmen

A carpenter lived quietly and died:
The wood his two hands touched he loved to see
Shaped into thought; a plain stool's symmetry
Gave quiet joy. Oh, more than once he tried
Before the Beauty dreamed stood forth. Beside
His bench he saw the slow-grown, long-felled tree
Become at last the table's top—where he
Ate bread with Judas, and was crucified.

How can it matter here our jumbled lot,
If eyes glimpse loveliness and give it shape,
Though days on days the weary see it not,
Though it be captured and again escape?
The Workman labors. Give me patient days,
With eyes for beauty in carved wood's slow ways.

"CORNERS"

This exquisite and touching sketch by Alice Brown appears in *The American Church Monthly* for January, 1930:

A man or woman standing on the corner of a street in New York holds no special interest ordinarily, but when you have prayed to God in your early morning meditation to use you that day in His service, the figure on the corner may assume new proportions.

Not long ago, after praying like that, I noticed a woman standing on a street corner in New York City. Something in her forlorn attitude arrested me, and involuntarily I stopped beside her. She radiated misery! Fairly well dressed and with a certain air of refinement, she nevertheless had an atmosphere of unspeakable despair. She moved one foot from the curb as if to cross the street, but her body seemed to refuse to obey the lead. Then she half turned as if to change her direction, and again that stubborn refusal of muscle and will to obey. Her shoulders drooped; the whole woman breathed out agonizing indecision.

"May I help you across the street?" I asked as she turned big, frightened eyes to me.

"What street?" she answered vaguely, and I don't know why, but something made me make the irrelevant reply: "The street called Straight?"

"My God! how did you know?" said she as though my remark had been a most natural one. "I want to go straight; but I can't, I can't; no one will help, no one cares." "I care," said I very positively, and she must have seen that I did, for she put a shaking hand on my arm, and like a tired child she begged: "Take me with you somewhere, and let me talk to you." I did! I took her home with me, and for hours we talked it out, and now she has crossed the street called Straight, and walks upright and happy on her way. No matter what her story was, or what I said to her, the point is this: hundreds of women and men linger on the corner of the street called Straight. If someone helps them to cross it they walk the rest of the way in safety; if no one stops to guide them they linger uncertainly, and sometimes

never cross at all. Our lives are filled with corners like this! God brings us in touch with some forlorn, sinful child of His, standing uncertainly where good and evil meet. If we ask Him, we may stand there with them—together, their part to try to cross the street called Straight, ours to help them over the stones and the rough places. Their souls scarred, hopeless and spent, our souls whole, eager, and strong. Their Spirit crushed, beaten, and sad, our Spirits brimming, vital, and rejoicing in loving service.

There we stand! on the corner together. God grant that we do not cross to the other side—alone.

SUPPORTING CATHOLIC LITERATURE

Though the following reasons, taken from the *Bulletin* of the Federal Council of Churches, apply presumably to non-Catholic literature, they may be used with all the more force in regard to worthy Catholic publications:

An unfortunate tendency to discount the significance of the religious press seems to prevail in many quarters. Not a few seem to feel that the new interest shown in religion by the daily newspapers and the popular magazines makes the church's own publications less necessary today. A little reflection will show how shallow such an opinion is. Without attempting a complete statement it may surely be said that among the major objectives of the religious press—the objectives which no other journals set for themselves—are the following:

1. To help people keep their faith in the spiritual meaning of life in a day when a host of influences are tending to batter it down.

2. To sustain confidence in the fundamental importance of the church at a time when it is under a heavy fire of criticism.

3. To hold up every phase of human life and relationships to the mind and spirit of Christ, not allowing any area of social life to be exempt from His sway.

4. To keep church people from becoming complacent, helping them to be open-eyed and sympathetic toward progressive influences in the church, such as the movement toward larger Christian unity, the new emphasis on fellowship in the missionary enterprise and the fresh grappling with the issues of peace and war.

SAYINGS OF GREAT PEOPLE

Ed Meisberger in *Editor & Publisher* reveals his reactions to the sayings of great people which appear from time to time in the public press:

"The report we are to go into a merger is unfounded. There is absolutely nothing to it."—President Bindle of the Bindle Tie Company two days before his company merged with the Stand-up Collar Company.

"How absurd! The count and I are as much in love now as on the day we were married. Divorce? How silly. Why, I'm on the way now to his arms."—Florine Florence, movie star, just before she cabled her attorney in Paris to make ready the papers.

"My man is in the pink of condition and will win by a

knockout before the fourth round."—Fleck Paducah, manager, the day before his man laid down for a long rest in the second round.

"I am shocked to hear of his death. The world has lost a great man."—One Great Man speaking of another.

"Yer honor, I never took a drink in me life."—"Baldy Sam" in court again for beating his wife.

"I don't want my picture in the paper. But if you must have one, here is the pose I like best."—Dolly Dalrymple, breach of promise plaintiff.

"Little liquor, if any, will be available to the merry makers New Year's Eve."—Prohibition director.

"You can change that around some if you have to, but I'd like to have it on the front page."—Lady who brings in an item.

NEW YORK A MICROCOSM

Microcosm means a little world. New York seems to merit that description, for men of every nation under heaven are found within it. There is point, therefore, in the following anecdote:

"I have buffeted about with the people of Arabia. I have fought hordes of Turks, and battled almost an army of Armenians. I have worked next to sweating South Americans, toiled beside Greeks, labored with Poles, Russians, Swedes, Chinamen and men from deepest Africa. Yes, I know every race of man."

"Oh, so you're from New York."

THE GENTLE ART OF WRITING TO NEWSPAPERS

Every editor is familiar with the class of letter writers thus described in Topics of the *Times* (New York):

People who write letters to newspapers sometimes seem to think that some kind of artful device is needed in order to get them into print. A favorite one is to add, "I dare you to publish this." Another is, "Of course, you will not print this, because you do not want your readers to know the truth."

There are also writers of letters to the editor who appear to believe that hospitality will be given to their communications if they only are insulting enough. A letter reached this office yesterday, purporting to take *The Times* to task for something it had not really said, and ending with the following amiable postscript:

"You are a bunch of asses, with nothing but ignorance and prejudice for your assets. My time is wasted, for you are incapable of understanding this letter."

This may not be so bad as it sounds. The explanation perhaps is that the writer had been subject to unpleasant interruptions in his still air of delightful studies and just felt like smashing the candlestick or throwing the inkstand out of the window.

SUSPICIOUS "CHARITY"

Many people are suspicious of certain forms of so-called charity because they fear that their hard-earned money will not reach the persons for whom it is intended. The following dispatch of the United Press from Boston lends confirmation to this suspicion:

Of \$34,000 collected in Massachusetts during the last year by the American Rescue Workers, a so-called charitable

organization with headquarters in Philadelphia, only \$1,900 finally went to charity, state investigators announced here today.

As a result of the state investigation of the organization's affairs, Albert L. Riddle, in charge of the "charity" work in Boston, was removed from office.

Assistant Attorney General Louis H. Sawyer announced he had learned that following Riddle's removal from his Boston post, Riddle had been offered a position in charge of American Rescue Workers' affairs "on the entire Pacific coast." Sawyer did not know whether the offer had been accepted.

"Fifty per cent. of the money collected by the solicitors," Sawyer said, "was kept by them as their commissions. From the balance, which was turned over to Riddle, such fixed charges were made as salaries of officials, rents and upkeep of missions, as to leave only a very small amount for charitable distribution."

NOT ENTIRELY IMMUNE

The Seneca (N. Y.) *Daily Times* tells of a man who took every precaution against premature death except the one dictated by common sense:

He brushed his teeth twice a day.

The doctor examined him twice a year.

He wore rubbers when it rained.

He slept with the windows open at least eight hours every night.

He stuck to a diet with plenty of fresh vegetables.

He relinquished his tonsils and traded in several wornout glands.

He never smoked, drank or lost his temper.

He did his daily dozen daily, besides taking plenty of outdoor exercise.

He was all set to live to be 100.

The funeral will be held next Wednesday. He is survived by 18 specialists, four health institutes, six gymnasiums and numerous manufacturers of health foods and antiseptics.

He had forgotten about trains at grade crossings.

THE DECLINE OF MAYFLOWER DESCENDENTS

Dean Inge, writing in *The Churchman*, laments the swift decline of the Anglo-Saxon strain in this country. "Foreigners" raise large families, while the Anglo-Saxons here choose not to have children:

I was talking to a clergyman of a small town in Connecticut. When he went to the place it was almost entirely Anglo-Saxon in stock. He said that in the last year there had been only seven births to the old American families. That story is told everywhere. It is really in that way, rather than by conquest, that nations rise and decay. It is only too possible that 200 years hence the United States will be in no sense an Anglo-Saxon country. The Americans are doing their best to prevent that, but it cannot be done by legislation. There must be a sense of responsibility among those who are conscious of having inherited good blood and good traditions. They ought to feel that unless there is a good reason to the contrary they ought to try to hand on their blood for the sake of their country to the next generation.

I think a good deal more might be said about it. It is a very interesting study about the Anglo-Saxon stock after going to America being depleted and diminished in numbers. It is rather a sad story. I only hope it will not go on forever, and in the future we may have the right to claim the United States as the most glorious of our children. And when, as almost must happen in the course of nature,

this small island will cease to be one of the great powers of the world—for when we look at a map of the world we cannot help noticing what a very small space these islands fill, the whole of Europe, apart from Russia, is only a small peninsula jutting out from the Asiatic mass—we want to feel, whatever happens to this country, we may look forward to the continuance of our race, our language, our institutions, in countries of much larger area and greater possibilities.

A COSTLY CONVENIENCE

The bob is supposed to be a more convenient manner of wearing the hair, but it is a costly convenience, as we see from these statistics:

Women's "crowning glory" costs them \$136,600,000 more annually for upkeep than men's sleek hair and shaven chins combined, R. Louis, Paris and New York beauty specialist, estimates.

Haircuts and shaves for the masculine population put \$454,400,000 in the pockets of the nation's barbers, while women pay a total of \$591,000,000 for waves, shampoos, bobs and the like, according to a survey made by him.

Approximately 19,700,000 American women spend an average of \$1.25 every two weeks in hair dressing, cutting, waving and washing, Louis said.

ANIMAL WORSHIP

We heartily endorse the hope of Fra Juniper expressed in the last sentence of this jotting from the *London Universe*:

Mr. James Douglas, who as a writer of sentimental nonsense stands supreme, wrote in the *Sunday Express* an article about his dog "Bunch." He received afterwards a flood of sympathetic letters from dog-lovers, including this classic from a lady in Kensington:

"Sir:—May I offer you most hearty congratulations on your dear dog's recovery? I know the mental torture you must have suffered.

"My little Scottie had to be put to sleep last February; he was sixteen years old, but, oh! how it hurt to see him go.

"Will you kiss your dog's dear little black nose for me?"

If Mr. Douglas should try to carry out the lady's last injunction, I hope Bunch will be spirited enough to bite him.

CANARY-COSIS

We have heard a great deal lately of psittacosis, or parrot fever. Here is an instance of how one family thought they had caught psittacosis from a canary. From the *New York Sun*:

"Well, we're stricken!" a tremulous feminine voice announced over the 'phone today to Lieut. Michael Murphy of the Richmond Hill (Queens) police station.

Lieut. Murphy did not quite understand. "What struck you?" he demanded.

"Psittacosis!" There were terrified sobs in the voice now. "We've got parrot fever! Raphael's got it and Theodore's got it and Donald's got it, and I've got it!"

"Whew!" Lieut. Murphy whistled. "Whole family down with it, eh? I'll send a doctor right out."

He did. Dr. William Stritzler hurried to the home of Mrs. Velma O'Leary and her three young children at 9414 112th street, Richmond Hill, and Mrs. O'Leary, looking pale and distraught, admitted him.

"Where's the parrot?" Dr. Stritzler demanded.

"Oh, we haven't got a parrot. We've just got Dickey—our canary. But all kinds of birds carry parrot fever. Father

told me all about it. Father's a physician. And we've all got it! Oh, doctor—is there any hope for us?"

Dr. Stritzler took a look at Dickey. He was singing his head off.

"How do you know you've got psittacosis?" he asked Mrs. O'Leary. "What makes you think so?"

"Why?" Mrs. O'Leary was puzzled that any one should doubt her. "Why, father told me all the symptoms, and we've all got them. Stomach upset, don't feel well—you know what the symptoms are."

"Yes, I know." Dr. Stritzler took temperatures, looked at tongues, felt pulses, and asked a few questions. Then he poured out a few pills and put on his hat.

"That's all right," he said. "Don't worry, Mrs. O'Leary. Just you swallow a pill and give some to the boys and you'll be all right soon. That suet pudding you had for dinner last night didn't set very well on your stomachs, that's all."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

"When love comes," says a Munich doctor, "the eye is blurred, the face becomes pale, the heart palpitates, sleep is irregular and the sufferer loses weight." Sounds like the flu.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

The revised version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," according to Clyde D. Moore of the *Ohio State Journal*, probably will have Eliza crossing the river on an electric refrigerator.—*Russel Crouse, New York Evening Post*.

BLIND

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Show me your God," the doubter cries.

I point him to the smiling skies;

I show him all the woodland greens;

I show him peaceful sylvan scenes;

I show him winter snows and frost;

I show him waters tempest-tossed;

I show him hills rock-ribbed and strong;

I bid him hear the thrush's song;

I show him flowers in the close—

The lily, violet and rose;

I show him rivers, babbling streams;

I show him youthful hopes and dreams;

I show him maids with eager hearts;

I show him toilers in the marts;

I show him stars, the moon, the sun,

I show him deeds of kindness done;

I show him joy, I show him care;

And still he holds his doubting air,

And faithless goes his way, for he

Is blind of soul, and cannot see.

ACCORDING TO PRONUNCIATION

Through a parish paper of Pueblo, Colo., comes this division of a congregation, each class being properly defined:

"Parishioners" may be pronounced "parish-owners."

"Parishioners" may be pronounced "parish-shunners."

"Parishioners" may be pronounced "pay-rishioners."

Praise be, we have none of the first type in this parish—that obnoxious kind of a person who wants everything in the church to be done according to his or her plan and style, without consideration for the rest of the people and their wishes.

Of the second class we have too many.

Of the third class we could use more.

Where Faith Abounds

AMONG THE BASQUES—"THE IRISH OF SPAIN."

THIS article is just a little literary fabric woven in the loom of memory from threads gathered during three summer seasons spent among the Basques, with a brief account of the remarkable race whose chief heritage is vigorous faith.

The ancient name of the Basques—Celtiberians—would seem to indicate a kinship with the Celtic race; but, so far, the relationship has not been accurately determined.

The Basques, as is generally thought, are not confined to the Basque provinces in Spain; you find them on the French side of the Pyrenees, where they inhabit the districts of Labourd, Basse Navarre, and Soule. The total Basque population in Europe is estimated at 550,000; there are several Basque colonies in South America, and a few hundred Basques in the western part of the United States.

I first came into contact with the Basques in the summer of 1925 at St. Jean de Luz, a little town of some 6,000 inhabitants, situated at the mouth of the Nivelle, in the Lower Pyrenees. This town was once a nursery of hardy toilers of the deep who, it is claimed, used to frequent

By P. W. BROWNE, D.D., Ph.D.

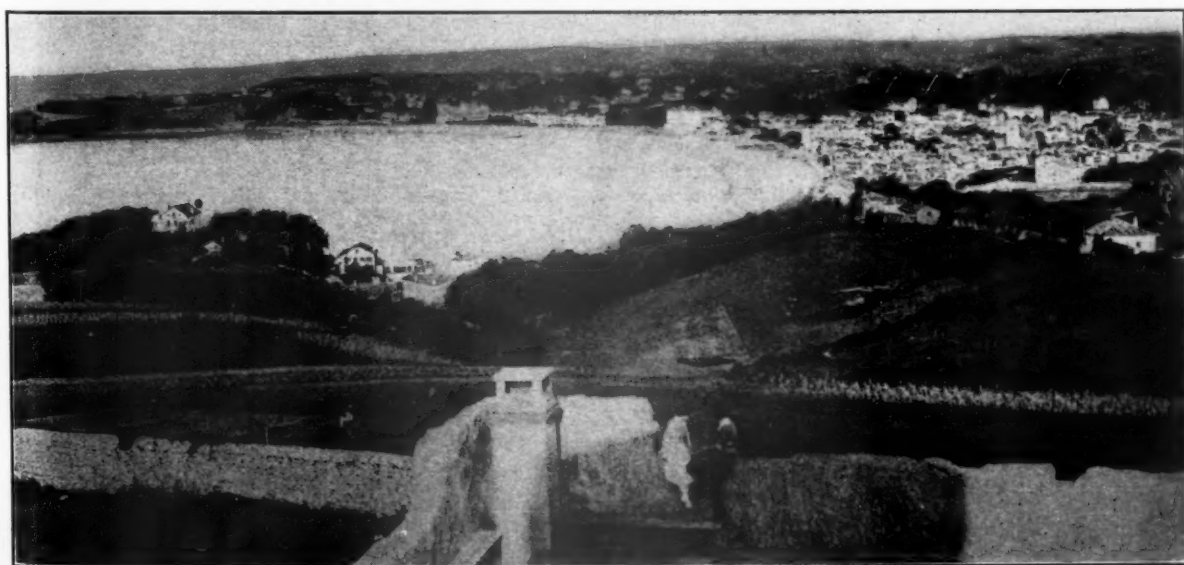
the banks of Newfoundland and even fish along its shores before Columbus discovered America. Whether this be true or not, the names of several settlements along the south coast of Newfoundland, e. g., Port-aux-Basques, and Placentia (the old French capital) are evidences of Basque occupation. The island was long known to the Biscayan Basques as *Tierra de Baccalaos* ("the land of fish"); and it is interesting to note that, in 1549, a Biscayan priest accompanied the fishing fleet to minister to the spiritual wants of the fishermen.

St. Jean de Luz reached the apogee of its prosperity in the seventeenth century and then had a population of 15,000; but after the enactment of the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) it began to decline, as the French lost all territorial rights in Newfoundland, though they still carried on the fishery on the banks (and they do so up to this day). St. Jean de Luz is now a port of faded glories; and the venerable pastor informed me that the young men of the port no longer set out on fishing quests, but remain

at home doing menial work for the American and English tourists who frequent it in large numbers during the summer and autumn.

St. Jean de Luz has a church which dates from the thirteenth century, though it has often been restored since that date. The interior consists of a large rectangular nave with three rows of lateral galleries. Like all Basque churches it is crowded during the services on Sundays; and I was much impressed with the devout mien of the congregation. On the first Sunday I officiated there it appeared to me as if the whole congregation came to receive Holy Communion. I asked the dear old curé if the day happened to be a special feast in the parish, and he informed me that it was just an ordinary Sunday experience. This was quite a revelation to me as I had just journeyed through the Midi where things are quite different.

THE church at St. Jean de Luz is historically interesting, for here was celebrated the marriage of the French King, Louis XIV, to the Spanish Infanta, Maria Teresa, which in a later day was the cause of the War of the Spanish Succession



PANORAMA OF SAINT-JEAN DE LUZ FROM THE BORDAGAM TOWER.



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF SAINT-JEAN DE LUZ.

(1701-1714). Near the church is the town hall where may be seen the marriage contract signed by Louis XIV and Charles II, brother of Maria Teresa.

DURING the summer St. Jean de Luz is crowded with tourist visitors—one meets them at every turn. It may be said really that during the season it is a trilingual town. The natives, as a rule, speak French and Basque; but many of them have a good knowledge of English, especially those who are employed in bookstores and shops that cater to the tourist trade. I was told by the manager of a bookstore that it is almost impossible to obtain a clerking position, at least during the summer months, without a knowledge of English. I was also informed that constant contact with visitors is destroying the morale of the simple Basque population.

The immediate object of my quest at St. Jean de Luz, however, was not successful. I had gone there in search of historic material regarding the early Basque ventures to Newfoundland, only to discover that nearly all the early Basque records had been removed to the Archives de la Marine in Paris and that those which had not been transferred were later destroyed by a disastrous fire, many years ago.

There are several routes from St.

Jean de Luz leading to Spain; and on this visit I elected to cross the border over the post road leading from Bayonne to Madrid. Formerly an ancient *diligence* performed this service; but it has been supplanted by a motor-bus. This did not appeal to me, and I took a taxi with a Basque chauffeur to get to San Sebastian which was to be my headquarters in the Basque provinces for some time. The last French village (Béhobie) was reached in short order, and then came the time of tribulation. When I reached the bridge at the Bidassoa river which separates Spain from France I was confronted with the difficulties and almost interminable delays which beset the traveller while French customs officials and the immigration agents are going through your baggage and examining your passport. There were so many be-whiskered gentlemen who had to participate in this performance and such a large line of machines that had to be "investigated," that I decided to dismiss the Basque Jehu and trust to luck to make the crossing on foot, later. This I effected by the judicious distribution of a few francs and duros.

In the interim I had an opportunity to visit the *Ile de Conférence*, a little islet in the vicinity, which is neutral territory. On this little island had taken place many interesting historic events; among them, in 1525,

the exchange of Francis I, King of France (then a prisoner of the Spanish King, Charles V) for his two sons whom he abandoned to their fate. Here also was arranged the famous Treaty of the Pyrenees by Cardinal Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro, in 1660. I think the time was well spent, and I experienced no difficulty later crossing the international bridge. On the Spanish side I got a taxi which conveyed me to San Sebastian. I made a short halt at Passajes, a small seaport, where the chief business is fishing. This port is interesting to an American, as from here sailed Lafayette, in 1777, when he escaped to the United States. Thence to San Sebastian is only a few minutes' ride.

SAN SEBASTIAN, whose Basque name is Donastia, is the capital of Guipuzcoa, with a population of about 65,000. It lies at the bottom of the Gulf of Gascony, located in a charming position at the mouth of the Urumea river, around a splendid bay sheltered on the east by Mt. Urgull, and on the west by Mt. Igeldo. It really looks like a large lake. Its chief glory is its bathing beach. It is the summer residence of Spanish royalty, and attracts thousands of Madrilenos and tens of thousands from other European capitals. I was amazed to find so many groups who spoke German on the beautiful terrace which surrounds the bathing

beach. It is much smaller than some of our fashionable American summer resorts; and one sees little of the vulgarities which are so characteristic of our American beaches.

THE city is divided into two sections: the old part has narrow tortuous streets; the new has beautiful avenues lined with acacias and tamarisks, with a number of large parks which are beautifully kept. Near the Plaza de Cervantes is the *Palacio de la Disputacion* (the provincial diet of Guipuzcoa) which contains a number of splendid paintings by Zuloaga and several remarkable tapestries, one of which represents the discovery of Newfoundland by Juan de Echaide who was a native son of the city of San Sebastian. An interesting sight is the uniform worn by soldiers on guard here. They are known as *miquelatas* (members of the provincial guard of Guipuzcoa—organized in 1776). They wear blue coats, with voluminous red trousers, and a tight-fitting cap known as the *boina*.

San Sebastian has several attractive churches, one of which, *San Vicente*, dates from the early part of the sixteenth century, and an interesting ethnographic museum where

may be seen a profuse display of exhibits illustrative of Basque industries and a large display of implements used in the Basque fisheries, nets, harpoons, and such like. Fishing is the chief occupation of the Basques who live on the coast between Bayonne and Bilbao, and here may be seen daily numbers of tiny steamers carrying nets hundreds of feet long, that go out to breast the turbulent swells of the Bay of Biscay in search of the toothsome pilchards which we buy in an American grocery store as "genuine sardines!" The fishery is not always successful, and day after day the little vessels return empty.

Within the city of San Sebastian, especially in the fashionable section, one does not see the genuine Basque; and there is little to suggest that it is the capital of a Basque province. Outside the city, however, along the neighboring hills, may be seen numerous Basque farms, each with a white-washed cottage. Basque dwellings are strongly built, nearly always balconied and, though sombre, are always attractive; and here in reality "every man's home is his castle." The pomp of heraldry is much in evidence; and over family manor-houses (*casas solares*) it is not unusual to

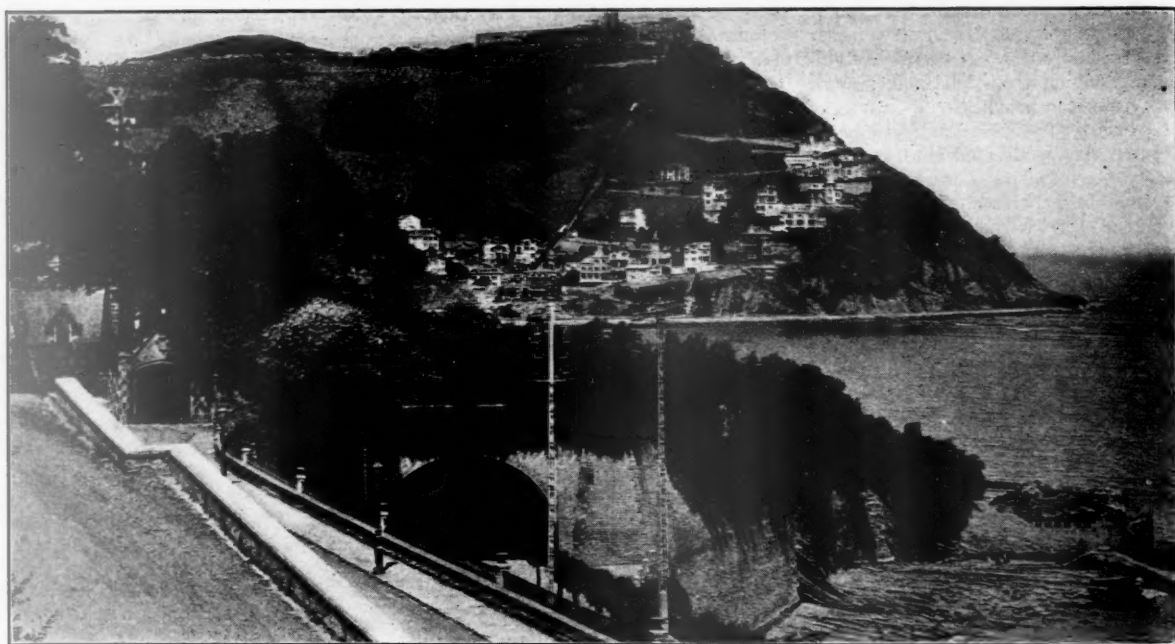
find armorial bearings carefully sculptured. You even find this distinctive feature over the portals of very modest dwellings.

Basque farms, as a rule, are not large, and many of them do not seem to exceed five or six acres, or just as much as a family can cultivate. The Basques rarely have hired help. The homesteads seem to fit into the contour of the hills; the home-life is truly patriarchal; and this seems to be conserved by the religious sentiment that abounds within the precincts. I have rarely seen such charming and such respectful children as I saw in the Basque country; and I never saw there a child who had the remotest semblance of a beggar. The Basque country folk are simple, hardy and most hospitable, though it must be said, that hospitable and polite though he is, the Basque did not, until recently, welcome the tourist; even now he does not relish being made a species of side show to attract the visitors' pennies, and he still looks with contempt upon certain types of visitors.

TO ME the chief asset of San Sebastian was its excellent facilities for motor tours and short railway journeys through the Basque



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF URAGEO, SAINT-JEAN DE LUZ



SAN SEBASTIAN SHOWING MONT IGUELDO IN THE DISTANCE

provinces; and these are many and interesting. Perhaps the most instructive tour is the trip to Pamplona, easily reached by rail via Alsasua, or by motor bus by way of Zaraus. It is delightful, no matter what the means of transportation. Pamplona is an ancient city, founded by Pompey in 68 B. C., after whom it was named Pompeiopolis, which the Moors corrupted into Bambilonah; hence its present appellation. Once the capital of Navarre, it became an appanage of France after the marriage of Philip the Fair to Juana "La Loca" (the Crazy), elder daughter of Isabella the Catholic; but after Philip's death it reverted to Spain. During the siege of the city by the French under the leadership of the Count of Foix (1521), Ignatius Loyola, commanding the Spanish troops, was wounded, and it was during convalescence at his ancestral home at Azcoita, in the vicinity, that he planned the constitution of the great organization—the Society of Jesus—that came into being at Montmartre, in Paris, on August 15, 1534.

NEARBY is Aspeita, a pleasantly situated town at the foot of Mount Itzarritz. Here in the church of San Sebastian St. Ignatius was baptized. One mile beyond is the Sanctuary of St. Ignatius, situated in a hollow fringed with mountains,

known in Spain as "the marvel of Guipuzcoa."

It was built by Queen Mariana of Austria, widow of Philip IV, and it encloses the house in which St. Ignatius was born. The sanctuary was built under the direction of the Roman architect Fontana, in 1689. Its marble portico, reached by an imposing flight of steps flanked by stone balustrades, is capped with a triangular pediment bearing a shield with the coat of arms of Spain. The vestibule is semi-circular, and placed there are marble statues of St. Aloysius, St. Francis Borgia, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Stanislas Kotska. At its lower end, over the door leading to the church, is a statue of St. Ignatius set between two columns.

The right wing of the building serves as a novitiate; the left, is unfinished. The chapel of the Sanctuary is a small rotunda with a cupola bearing the coat of arms of Austria. Enclosed in the building is the *santa casa* (holy house), which is really only the tower of the Loyola mansion that was destroyed in 1390 by Henry III of Castile, later rebuilt by the grandfather of St. Ignatius. On the first floor of the house you see the room in which St. Ignatius was born, the altar on which St. Francis Borgia celebrated his first Mass, and the chasuble which he wore during the ceremony. A stained glass window

on the left side represents Ignatius Loyola wounded at the siege of Pamplona (May 20, 1521). On the second floor is a chapel containing several relics of St. Ignatius, and a reliquary containing a finger of the saint, sent by the Jesuits in Rome to Queen Margaret of Austria. The chapel has a beautiful wood ceiling on which are carved scenes representing episodes in the life of the great Founder of the Jesuits.

TWENTY miles to the southeast is Sanguessa, near which is located the ancestral home of St. Francis Xavier; and the castle in which the Apostle of the Indies was born has been converted into a church. Hundreds of pilgrims visit it every year on the feast day of the saint to venerate his memory.

If you return to San Sebastian by motor you pass through a most charming section of the Basque country. Leaving Pamplona you pass through the romantic valley of Ulzama lined on both sides with ancient oaks and beech trees; the section in the vicinity of Burguete and Zuberi is particularly attractive. Soon you reach Roncevaux (French, *Roncesvalles*, Basque, *Orlwa*). It is a small hamlet with an imposing name, lying at the bottom of an historic ravine which has been the scene of many desperate conflicts. It was

in this pass of Roncevaux that occurred the bloody encounter of August 15, 1778, which is the subject of the great French epic, the *Chanson de Roland* (Song of Roland). Roncevaux is a tiny hamlet grouped around a church which is dominated by a massive square tower. The church is known as "the royal and illustrious collegiate church of Roncevaux," and was founded in the twelfth century. It was once a remarkable place of pilgrimage, and it ranked as one of the great sanctuaries of Christendom.

THE journey leads through several typical Basque villages, chief of which are St. Jean Pied de Port, Espelette, Irun, and Fuenterrabia. All of them are of interest to a Catholic tourist, especially Fuenterrabia where, about a mile from the town, high up on the hillside, is a famous sanctuary of our Lady of Guadalupe. From the crest of the hill where the sanctuary is perched one gets an excellent view of the ocean, to the north, and of the Basque country, to the south, in which one can count scores of villages and thriving hamlets.

The Basque province of Alava, though perhaps less romantic than Guipuzcoa, is worth visiting, particularly its capital city, Vitoria, the old Basque towns of Hernani, Tolosa, and Salvatierra. Vitoria is the most important, and is a thriving provincial city, where on Sundays and festivals Basques from the surrounding region

meet and perform their national dances. The Cathedral has a singular statue of the Blessed Virgin, called *de la esclavitud*, because she holds an S and a nail (*clavo*) in her hand. The military hospital was formerly a Dominican convent, founded by St. Dominic.

To complete a tour through the Basque country one must not fail to visit Bilbao (in Basque, *Ibaizabel*), the capital of Vizcaya; and the trip is best made by way of Orrio, Guetaria, and Motrico, that lie along the shore road, westward from San Sebastian. At Orrio one can see fishermen building their boats, or plying their avocation in the offing. Guetaria has a fine Gothic church of the thirteenth century, where lies buried the Basque navigator, Juan Sebastian de Elcano, who was the first to attempt the circumnavigation of the globe, in 1519. Close by the quay where the fishermen unload their harvests from the deep, a bronze statue was raised to his memory, close to the house where he lived. Motrico is a splendid little harbor surrounded with wooded hills, and along the shore are numerous fishers' cottages luxuriantly trellised with vines that produce a grape from which is made the famous red *chacali*—the national beverage of the Basques.

Guernica is perhaps the most historic spot in these parts, for here in former times, near the hermitage of *Nuestra Senora de la Antigua*, under the overspreading canopy of an an-

cient oak, was held the Parliament of Basque senators (*apoderados de las ante-iglesias*). The ancient oak was destroyed by French republicans in 1794. Under the shade of this venerable canopy Ferdinand and Isabella swore in 1476 to uphold the Basque *fueros* (charters). The oak of Guernica formed a sort of *habeas corpus* return or court of appeals, as no Basque could be arrested without a summons to appear under it, and learn the charge against him, and thus prepare his defense.

AT Berneo, a town of considerable size, practically all the inhabitants are engaged in the tunny and cod fishery. They supply nearly all the inland towns of Spain with seafood. Berneo is not unlike a Newfoundland fishing village, and the methods of catching and curing fish are just as primitive. Bilbao is picturesquely situated on the Rio Nervion, about eight miles from its mouth, and is one of the great commercial and industrial cities of the European Atlantic seaboard. The buildings are quite modern; the older ones were nearly all destroyed by bombardment and conflagration during the Carlist wars. It is not of importance ecclesiastically; and the only noteworthy educational institution is the large Jesuit college of Campo Valentin, in the suburbs. The city is purely industrial, and is much frequented by foreigners. It is feared that the Basques in this vicinity will forget



PASEO DE LA CONCHA, A SOCIETY GATHERING-PLACE OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

the traditions of their chivalrous past.

The Basques, as a race, may be termed Spanish highlanders; and they never have been conquered or subdued. They once formed a Confederation, and they enjoyed special privileges (*fueros*, or "legal charters") until Pedro the Cruel annexed the Basque *senorio* (lordship) to the crown of Castile in 1350. Though incorporated with Castile, the provinces always enjoyed certain exemptions; and their charters were rigidly maintained. When these were abolished (in the eighteenth century) the Basques espoused the cause of Don Carlos, the Pretender to the Spanish throne. During the Carlist wars, from 1872 to 1876, they fought on the Carlist side; and after the failure of the revolution, the Basques lost many of their ancient privileges and became subject to the payment of taxes (from which they had been formerly exempt), like the rest of Spain. They are still independent in spirit, if not in fact.

BASQUES call themselves *Euskaldanac*; their country, *Euskaleria*; their language, *Euskara*. The language is very difficult; and its origin is unknown; it has been likened to the Japanese and also to the Finnish. A stranger may study it for years without making much progress in ac-

quiring it. Basque families in Spain usually speak Spanish in addition to their mother tongue; and they speak French north of the Pyrenees.

If one desires to see the Basques and something of their national life, one must choose a Sunday or one of the great festivals of the Church. Their first duty is to assist at Mass. They usually travel in groups, always well dressed. Their reverence in church is impressive; and they do not scamper away after the last gospel as do certain Catholics elsewhere. After the church service is over, the young folk generally spend the rest of the day in harmless gaiety. The men wear short velvet jackets, mostly dark green or brown, long loose pantaloon of the same material, wooden shoes or sandals (*alpargatas*); the winter footwear is known as *madrenas*. Basque women are very modest; and they do not indulge in paint and bobbed hair. They wear their hair in long plaited tresses; and in church they wear a cloth hood, black or brown. A writer describes them as typifying the three Graces of Spain.

Basque holidays are celebrated with song, dancing, and the game of *pelota* (hand-ball). To be a master of *pelota* in the Basque country is a great distinction and a good player is just as much of a "hero" as one of the "Great Swats" of the Ameri-

can base-ball diamond. Basques dance in the open; and their performance is very graceful. They know nothing of the silly and scandalous exhibitions that disgrace many of our American Terpsichorean assemblies.

THE Basque is a lover of the ancestral home; wander where he may, he always holds his birthplace in deepest veneration. Even in exile he always remains a Basque. The Basque is proud, fiercely proud; and it matters not in what environment you find him he feels that he is a member of the old noblesse. He may be a day laborer or a fisherman baiting his trawl on the Grand Banks, yet he never forgets that his ancestors were not serfs, that some of them were entitled to wear crests. He is never servile, for he has no favors to ask, and he is never arrogant.

Certain writers—who seem to know little about the Basques or the Celts—write contemptuously of the Basques as "the Irish of Spain." This is largely true, but not in the implication. There are many points of resemblance between the Celts and the Basques, for example, the spirit of independence, their national gaiety, affection for the domestic hearth, unbounded hospitality and—their common heritage—robust Catholic faith.

Frank Denning Learns Wisdom

THE EXPERIENCE OF A "FLAPPER" COUPLE

By GRACE KEON

"H LETTER from Frank and Nell!" Mrs. Denning looked up with a pleasant light on her sweet old face. "I'm so glad—they haven't written in a month."

Her husband sat down rather heavily in the chair opposite. There was a frown between his brows.

"Yes. It's from Frank," he answered, and shut his lips in a tight line. She glanced at him apprehensively. "May as well tell you. He's lost his job. Larry fired him."

"Larry. Discharged Frank! Oh, Ronnie!"

"Monday. Today's Wednesday. Larry's written. Said he had to,

Frank's been acting up a long while—doing just as he pleased for a year . . . wish Larry hadn't let it run ten minutes, Dorothy. That's no way for a man to carry on . . ."

Mrs. Denning was silent.

"I'm afraid that lad of ours is spoiled," continued the father, quite gravely.

"Our only son? Spoiled? Of course," said the mother. "You and I and his four sisters all combined to spoil him." She hesitated, "Does he explain anything, Ron?"

"Who? Frank? Why, he says

he'll tell us all about it—he's coming. Here's the letter. Read it for yourself." He held the sheet toward her and when she took it in hands that trembled a little he walked to the window.

"The girls were so sensible and so good—Frank always had a careless streak," commented the mother, as she put on her glasses.

"Careless! Humph! He's married now," said Ronald Denning, with a certain grimace.

"Everything's all right . . . he and Nellie are well . . . he's lost his position . . . some one wants to rent his apartment right away . . . good chance . . . he'll come home for a

while . . ." Mrs. Denning skimmed through the written words rapidly. "Of course—he and Nell can come home, if—" She raised her eyes to her husband's face and he nodded.

"Too bad there won't be any home to come to," he said.

"Now don't say that. Wherever we are will be home to Frank."

"You think so? All right, Dorothy. To Elm Street."

"Oh, Ron, he and Nell won't stay in Elm Street."

"You want them to?"

"Indeed I don't. Not even Frank, dear as he is, would be welcome indefinitely there. Though there is room—"

"For Nell's ten trunks?"

"There's an attic, Ron."

"And a barn. Yes, thank goodness, the old barn is still standing. She can store her trunks in it." They smiled at each other—then the mother's smile faded.

"Ron, aren't you worried? I am. They must have been living at a pace to spend all you gave them—but . . . maybe they haven't. He doesn't say they're without money. And Larry paid him seventy-five dollars a week. Ron . . . do you think perhaps they're not . . . getting along? That would be awful!"

"Now, mother!" He put his hand on her shoulder, comfortingly. "They'll have their scraps, like the rest of us, but there's no danger of anything serious. Young they may be and rash, but they know their religion, and that marriage is for life. Don't bother your head. I'm more worried over Larry—but whatever Larry does is for the boy's good."

"Such a splendid chance," said the mother, regretfully. "You must talk to Frank . . ."

"Frank is going to take his medicine without any assistance from me, I know him too well."

"You won't be hard on him, Ron?"

He smiled at her and did not answer.

WHEN Larry Henderson, Ronald Denning's friend of years' standing, penned that brief, apologetic note he would not have cared to enlarge on it or express his real sentiments. He thought too much of Denning. He had attended young Frank's wedding over a year before in the little Catholic church at Hillcrest. No couple in moderate circumstances ever started out with

brighter prospects. An apartment in the city, beautifully furnished by Nell Wynn's people, a check for \$2,000—from Frank's father and mother, a job with Henderson. For the first six months Frank showed fair business activity, giving promise of usefulness once he was acquainted with details. Mr. Henderson had seen the boy grow up, and built on his coming in with him, for he had no near relatives of his own. So young Denning found life a picked-plum affair. The only son of a fairly well-to-do people, four admiring sisters, the youngest of whom was ten years older than himself, finely educated, happily married, and with an opening in the commercial line that many a chap would have given years to attain, he started blithely on the road to success. In the beginning things went well. He liked the work, even though he adopted a superior attitude that brought a smile to Henderson's lips—a forgiving smile. "Just a kid," he told himself, "and a bit spoiled. He'll get over it."

He became rather anxious as the days went on. Nell Denning was pretty, full of fun and vivacity, and she soon surrounded herself with a crowd of gay young people who made the pursuit of pleasure their first aim. Frank, with his charming manners and his splendid singing-voice, was an accession. Six, seven, twelve months passed. Twice Mr. Henderson remonstrated in his friendly way, and Frank promised reform.

The autumn morning that was to be one of moment to the young Dennings started as many others—too many others—had started before. Frank rose late, yawned himself into his clothes and disposed of the two cups of black coffee that made his breakfast. Faultlessly attired, as usual, but rather dull of eye and a bit listless of manner he strolled into his office at 10.30 A.M., just an hour and a half behind time.

There was a note on his desk. It said, very briefly, "I want to see you—L. H."

Frank made a wry face and glanced at the clock. Well . . . He straightened up, took a drink of water, and stopped to exchange a few words with Clay, the cashier, as he went towards Mr. Henderson's office, feeling far from comfortable. He was in for a real blowing-up this time, he supposed—gosh, it was all

wrong! He and Nell would have to cut this . . . it couldn't go on . . . dances . . . bridge games . . . parties . . . He'd have a talk with Nell that very night. They'd have to do something . . . He glanced up to meet Mr. Henderson's eyes—eyes that noted a great deal in Frank's rather haggard face.

"Good morning, sir," he said, pleasantly. "You want to see me?"

"Yes, Frank." He glanced at the clock. "It's going on to eleven."

"Yes, sir. I'm a little late this morning. It happened that—"

"Never mind. When have you been a little early? I'm at my desk at nine. I don't think it's asking too much of those I employ to be here at the same hour."

Frank Denning did not reply.

"However, I'm not discussing that. I've made a mistake, Frank, mixing friendship and business. You can draw two weeks' salary from Mr. Clay in lieu of notice."

"You mean—you're dismissing me?"

"I am. All the others here need their jobs. Evidently . . . you don't."

"But—"

"That's quite all right, Frank. See Clay. Wish you luck, boy." He reached for some letters and gave them his attention, while Frank stood stunned, utterly incapable of speech. Then, turning, he went back to his desk, took up his hat and left. His mind was in a chaos. Dismissed! Like an office boy! Draw two weeks' salary! Dismissed . . .

NELL was breakfasting when he reached home. She had been in bed when he left.

"Oh, you darling!" she exclaimed. "I was just wishing I dare call you and ask you to take me for a nice long ride somewhere out into the country. My head is in a muddle . . . Frank! What's the matter? You're not sick?"

"No. I'm not sick."

"Have a cup of coffee. It's fresh—"

"I don't want any coffee . . . yes, perhaps I'd better . . . I've been sacked, Nell."

"Sacked? You mean—"

"Discharged! Kicked out!"

"Oh, Frank!" She put her arm about his neck. "Don't you care. You can get another job."

"Oh, I can, can I? Think I'll find a job we'll be able to live on? I'm no fool, Nell—if I get thirty-five

dollars a week to start, I'll be lucky."

"Thirty-five dollars! We couldn't do anything with thirty-five dollars. Frank. Why, we're pushed hard now."

"We'll have to do with nothing."

THEY stared at each other in dismay.

"We are in for it," she said, then. "How could you lose your job, Frank? With Mr. Henderson, too! Why, I thought you were there forever! What happened? You must have done something awful—"

"I have," he answered, curtly. "But you've been doing it with me. This is the third time he's had me on the carpet—and he's through. Fat lot of good I've been to him. I tell you, Nell, a fellow can't stay out all night and roll into an office whenever he likes in the morning. It isn't done. If you had given up a few of those parties—"

"Go ahead! Blame me! You've enjoyed your good times as much as I, Frank Denning! If you knew Mr. Henderson was annoyed why didn't you do something about it? How was I to keep track of your job?" She began to cry, and he threw his arms about her.

"Don't, Nell—we're both to blame, but it's my fault. I should have known. I was just too sure of the place. It's only an hour since I left the office but it seems like a year. We're up against it. I transferred the last three hundred dollars we have to our checking account yesterday and I've been drawing even against that."

Her eyes widened.

"He told me to collect two weeks' salary from Clay—but I couldn't do it, Nell, it was too small—"

There was no party that night for the Frank Dennings. They sent regrets and stayed home to look life in the face—an unpleasant proceeding. And they arrived at a decision finally—one quite in keeping with the existence they had led. They weren't either of them, brave enough to stand the criticism or even the pity of their friends. The apartment they occupied had long been the envy of a trio of young commercial artists and to arrange to sublet it, was, fortunately, the matter of only a few hours. The reason? "We've been called to Hillcrest by illness," was Nell's unblushing excuse, "and may have to stay a while. So, if you want the place for six months, Margery—"

Margery did. The letter that Mr. Denning, Sr., received was dispatched the following morning. There was no time to lose if that excuse was to hold water. Frank and Nell left for Hillcrest Friday morning.

"I'm going to eat humble pie," said Frank. "We're rid of the crowd now, and we'll stay rid. When we go back—"

She sighed.

"They were lovely—Jean and Rose and Margery and Phil and Dick and Ken—and we haven't done one wrong thing—"

"Only spent every cent we could lay our hands on," sarcastically. "And now we're running home—broke."

"If you had—"

"Don't begin that, Nell. If I had had an ounce of sense I would have known this was coming. I could kick myself. We're all wrong. And when I think of father! Disgracing him with Henderson. The questions he'll ask me! The way he'll look at me!"

"Oh, Frank, must we tell him the truth? Must we?"

He set his mouth grimly.

"The whole thing. It will be tough—but at least it will be honest: then he'll not refuse his advice, or his help if we need it, until we get started again."

They were silent during the rest of the ride. At the station Frank called a taxi. Though on the verge of ruin they could not walk half a mile with four heavy suitcases.

"Mr. Denning's place on Vernon Boulevard," he said, briefly. In a short while they drew up before the fine stone house set back on a beautiful lawn. There was an odd look about it and Frank caught the strangeness of its appearance as he paid the driver. He turned, then, to give it a second glance.

"Why! It looks closed up to me! Don't get out, Nell, until I inquire—"

"If you want the old gentleman, sir—" the driver was a newcomer—"he's not living here any more. He's on Elm Street."

"Elm Street? Elm Street? Why, that's—Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. Some one told me this house is on the market."

Frank's mouth dropped open. His father's home! His own old home! On the market! And Elm Street—

"Any idea where we can find them?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I know the house. I

took them over from here the other day."

Frank and Nell were speechless during that short drive to one of the shabbiest spots in the thriving little town. At No. 14 the car paused and once more Frank alighted. His hand trembled as it sought the old-fashioned knocker, but before he could sound it the door opened and his father stood on the threshold.

"Dad! It's really you?"

"Why, Frank! Ma. here's Frank and Nell! What a surprise! Ma . . ." but Mrs. Denning, smiling and bright-eyed, had already clasped Frank in one arm, and held out the other toward Nell.

"Come inside, my dear children!" she ejaculated. "Your father has just set up the parlor stove—we've had a lot of fun, but I fear he needs a scrubbing. Come in, come in! Supper's ready! Table set—and I know you're hungry—" Chattering, she led the way into an old-fashioned living-room, substantially but plainly furnished. Close against one wall was a huge round black stove through the isinglass doors of which could be seen the cheerful flames of a brisk wood fire. Frank Denning stared about him bewildered, then his eyes sought his father's smiling countenance.

"Dad! What in the world are you doing here in Elm Street?"

"Why, Frank, this is the house you were born in," said his mother. "You don't remember it, of course—you weren't a year old when Uncle John died and left us all his money and we built the place on the Boulevard. Yes, Nell," she said, enthusiastically, "we were delighted, Ronnie and I, to be able to buy it in. It's just like old times—just like starting life all over again."

Nell smiled mechanically. She was scared as well as bewildered. What were the elder Dennings doing here? Almost in—poverty.

"You can wash in the kitchen," continued the mother, cheerfully. "That's like old times, too, with the basin and the towel over the sink there . . . see, Frank? Everything's handy. Here's the table—I'll just put down two more plates—and here's the food cooking away on the kitchen stove . . ."

THEY sat down to the simplest of suppers but good, with a luscious apple pie that Nell enjoyed shamelessly. She ate with such relish

that Frank could not forbear teasing her a little, for Nell was noted for her "furiness." He did it perhaps to cover the uncomfortable feeling that filled him when his father bent his head and murmured the words of grace: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts which we are about to receive . . ." It had been almost a year since Frank had asked God's blessing on a meal.

"One doesn't get food like this often," laughed Nell in response to Frank's teasing and Mrs. Denning looked at her with smiling eyes.

"You'll do just as nicely in a little while," she said. "You can't expect to have everything right at the start. It takes more than a year to make a good cook." At which Nell blushed—a few special chafing-dish recipes marked the extent of her cooking ability. She helped clear the table and dried the dishes, however, while Frank and his father went back to the genial stove.

"Anything new, dad?" ventured the young man, almost timidly.

"Nothing to bother about, Frank. These things can't be helped. Just make up our minds to grin and bear 'em. Mother and I have enough to live on."

"But how—"

"The bottom's dropped out of a good many stocks lately, Frank."

"But I never thought you—"

"Perhaps not. Didn't you get my letter?"

"You, no, father! Did you—did you get mine?"

"You wrote me? There may be mail up at the other place. Seems foolish for a man as old as I am to take risks, doesn't it? Well, this house is ours, and mother and I don't need much . . . Are you on a sort of vacation, Frank?"

"Y—es, a sort—of one. Won't stay long, father. We've got to get back."

"I'm so glad you're settled, Frank. And Nell is such a fine little girl."

THEY spent a pleasant evening around the stove, talking cheerily. Frank found himself telling them a good deal about business—speaking with an interest and an enthusiasm that would have caused Jerry Henderson to open his eyes. He had made up his mind that his father and mother were not going to hear anything of the plight he and Nell were in. At half past nine Mrs. Denning rose with a yawn.

"Won't hurt you children to go to bed early," she said. "Your room is ready. I haven't had a chance to homey up the place, but there are lots and lots of covers."

There had been a chill in the air all day and the bedroom was actually cold now. Nell's teeth began to chatter, and she did not speak until she was safely between the blankets, with the covers to her chin.

"Frank," she said, then, in a whisper, "what's wrong? Dad tell you?"

"Crash, I guess, Nell," he answered. "Didn't ask him any questions—but they're going to live here, here! Gosh, it's a barn, Nell. Their bedroom is just like this one. How can two people who've been used to such comfort as they've had the last twenty-five years—how can they stand this? When the real winter comes, they'll freeze."

"Your mother is so sweet," said Nell. "Oh, Frank, we've been fools! If we hadn't spent everything maybe we could help now—a little?"

"No use talking about it, Nell."

"We can't leave them. They'll perish. Let's take them back with us."

"Where to, Nell?"

She did not answer that.

"I've no job—no prospects of one. I've always flopped down on dad for everything—and now he hasn't anything and I've nothing to offer him. Nice, isn't it? This time a week ago you and I thought we were perfectly all right. This minute we know we've been all wrong. What has been the matter with us?"

"In with the wrong crowd and liked it, I guess," said Nell, honestly. "Though we got nothing out of it but a lot of headaches."

"But why do we see that now—and couldn't see it a week ago?" persisted Frank.

"When the devil was sick," quoted Nell. She found a sort of grim humor in the situation.

"If you mean by that we'll ever go back to those times—" he began. "Heavens, Frank, I don't mean anything and every bone in my body is aching. Please let's get some sleep on it—we'll have days to talk it over . . ."

Silence reigned in the cold, almost bare room. Presently Frank's voice sounded again.

"Nell . . . are you awake?"

"Yes. . ."

"Let's go to confession tomorrow afternoon . . ."

"I meant to. That will be part of our reform."

Frank tossed restlessly. He had looked himself in the face for the first time—seeing himself with Henderson's eyes. He should have been kicked out long ago . . . Wish he *had* kicked him out. Some time . . . yes, by jingo, some time he'd go back and tell him so . . .

Then, quite suddenly, it was broad daylight. A low, persistent tapping at the door roused him.

"Frank!" called out his father. "Frank! It's eight o'clock."

"Yes, dad?"

"You and Nell will have to get your own breakfast this morning—your mother isn't well. Another attack of rheumatism."

"All right, dad."

NEITHER he nor Nell had ever dressed so quickly. The room was ice-cold. Two very sleepy-eyed young people threw off the covers, but they were wide awake in a few seconds and downstairs, "chilled to the bone," as Nell put it, in a few seconds more. The fires had to be made—the one in the kitchen in the square black stove and in the parlor in the round one. Nell did not know how to light a fire, but the lore of camping days came to Frank's assistance, and he soon had the logs blazing brightly. Then Nell got breakfast. The eggs were as hard as rocks, the coffee black and bitter, and the toast burned. Mr. Denning, Sr., made no comment. He had already made a cup of tea, sliced some bread thinly, and brought it up on a neat tray to his wife's room. Nell was embarrassed and ashamed, and her fingers and eyes were smarting.

"I'm afraid it isn't much of a breakfast," she apologized.

"Better than none at all," said her father-in-law, cheerfully.

"Just about," commented her husband, in a rather sharp tone.

Ronald Denning looked at him.

"Until one of us can do better we won't criticize," he said, and Frank flushed.

"Oh, he's right, father," said Nell, blinking back the tears. "Though it's dear of you to be so nice about it."

That was the beginning of an eventful week. All very well to pity "dad and mother" when dad and mother were keeping the wheels moving smoothly—but dad seemed to have grown utterly helpless. He bought an oil-stove for mother's bed-

room, so that he could sit with her in comfort most of the time, but Frank and Nell had to feed the two stoves or suffer. Nell's hands stung with pain, her back ached—but that quick defense of Ronald Denning's had roused her pride. She seemed to cast off, suddenly, the babyish, clinging attitude that had been her chief appeal. In three days her men-folk ate a well-cooked breakfast. Mrs. Denning was helped down to the living-room and placed in an easy-chair—and Nell was housekeeper. "Such a pretty, likable, eager-to-learn little housekeeper," said Mrs. Denning. "I don't want to get well while you're here, child."

THAT Saturday afternoon was too busy and tired a one for Nell, to keep their resolution about going to confession, but the following Thursday saw them starting out together, in preparation for First Friday. When the door closed behind them, Mr. Denning and his wife smiled at each other, and the smile became a burst of laughter.

"Well, dad . . ."

"Well, Dorothy . . . you were right."

"Nell said 'Mother, I'm as dumb as an oyster, but if you'll just tell me how to get things ready—'"

"And Frank said, 'Dad, you keep away from that wood-pile. You'll not touch it while I'm here.'"

"Don't you think they've learned a lesson, Ronnie?"

"I'm sure they have, Dorothy."

Mrs. Denning was so greatly recovered by nightfall that she insisted on helping with the supper. In the morning all went to holy communion together, for Father Matthews heard confessions before early Mass began, and so the older Dennings were able to accompany their children to the altar. During that week—which had started out as a real hardship, but which became tolerably pleasant before it was over, Frank and Nell had many talks. They saw their mistakes clearly. But though they had decided to own up to everything before they left, Frank was troubled.

"There is something I can't understand," he said, as they sat once more around the stove. "Don't you ever hear from the girls at all? I know they're not in Hillcrest, but at least they write to you, don't they?"

"Sometimes," said the father.

"And our friends—such people as the Blacks, the Delaneys, the Gan-

nons—surely it doesn't make any difference to them that you are living in Elm Street, dad? And they haven't called."

"We didn't let them know, Frank. Perhaps they imagine we're . . . traveling."

"Oh!" said Frank.

"You haven't had much of a vacation," continued the father. "Just a week—but what a lucky week for mother and me. When do you go back?"

"If mother keeps well, I think we'll leave Monday afternoon," said Frank slowly.

"Monday afternoon," repeated Mr. Denning.

"Yes, dad . . . Nell and I . . . we have a secret . . . you see—we didn't come, just to visit you . . . if you had ever received that letter I wrote you you'd have known that Mr. Henderson had discharged me . . . for good cause, too. Inattention and laziness. We'd been going to too many parties and having too many parties ourselves, and spending all we made and all we had . . . and found ourselves really 'economizing' at that, for the set we were going with. Mr. Henderson gave me one good slap in the face—but I needed it. Then we couldn't get out without telling a lie, so we told it. Said you needed us at Hillcrest and we were going home . . . for a while . . . That gave us a chance to rent our place, furnished, and—the rent of the place . . . after deducting the amount due to the landlord each month . . . is all we have to live on until . . . until I get something. I've written to Mr. Henderson and told him what I think of myself. Told him I'd learned a lesson, and if he'd like to give me another chance at half the salary until I was worth more . . ."

"Frank!" exclaimed Nell. "You wrote to Mr. Henderson?"

"I certainly did. Maybe he'll take me on again, considering that he's always been more friend than boss, and because I'd like to win out right where I fell down. If he doesn't I'll dig up another job—"

"Why, Frank, my boy—"

"Oh, we haven't been acting right. Nell and I hadn't been to confession in three months—until yesterday. So you see . . . we couldn't have the right kind of luck. You might just as well know the worst at once, dad."

Nell put her hand over his gently.

"We've been talking things over,

too," she said. "And we can't bear the thought of leaving you here . . . like this—alone. I wouldn't be able to sleep nights."

"So, dad," supplemented Frank, "will you come with us? We'll do our best to make you happy and comfortable. You know you gave me everything when you had it. Will you let me take care of you now?"

Mr. and Mrs. Denning were silent, but great tears brimmed over in the mother's eyes and there was a suspicious break in the father's voice.

"I—I thought you'd be so disgusted with this place, Frank, that . . ."

"Not disgusted—it's fine. All right in the summer, and maybe in winter, too, if you hadn't to depend on a wood-pile. But say you'll—"

MR. DENNING put his hand on Frank's shoulder.

"Son, dear . . . we, too, have a secret. Our place isn't in the market, boy—it's just being renovated from cellar to roof. We're redecorating and putting in new furniture. While it is being done, mother and I thought we'd like to come back and live here in the old house—as we used to live when you children were little. At first we planned to have old Tom come to take care of the fires and Betsey to do the cooking, but when we heard about you—yes, Mr. Henderson wrote to me, Frank—we thought we'd give you a chance to come to your senses. We're here for two weeks longer, and as soon as you go Tom and Betsey will come over, so you don't have to worry."

Frank stared at him speechlessly.

"We're coming here every once in a while, mother and I," went on the older man, reminiscently. "We've been happy in this old house. We owe a lot to God's kindness and mercy. All of us. We can depend on Him, but we must help ourselves, Frank—we mustn't ask Him to butter our bread and hold it to our mouths."

Frank's face was a study. Nell leaned against him, her hand in his.

"Larry told me you were all twisted. I don't doubt he'll take you back—he is really fond of you, but you were making a fool of yourself."

"Two fools of ourselves," said Nell, bending forward to kiss Mrs. Denning's soft, flushed cheek.

"You bet!" said Frank. "Let me have the last word, dad? Let me tell you it's going to be some long day before this fool and his wisdom are ever parted."

The Church and Social Reform

A NOTE ON SIR THOMAS MORE'S "UTOPIA"

By STANLEY B. JAMES

THE Exhibition recently held in London of relics connected with the Blessed Thomas More has drawn attention once again to that martyr for the Faith. It is, of course, chiefly on account of the fact that he suffered death rather than subscribe to Henry VIII's claim to be the Supreme Head of the Church in England that Catholics remember him. He had been Lord Chancellor and might have had any honors it was in the King's power to bestow if he would have agreed to the divorce from Katherine of Aragon and to the repudiation of Papal authority. But his conscience was not to be bought, and he was beheaded July 6, 1535.

Erasmus left a vivid picture of this most lovable friend, and the qualities therein described easily account for More's popularity among all classes. He is best known to the general public of today, however, by the little book which he wrote in playful humor, during an embassy to the Netherlands. Its title has passed into our general speech. When we speak of Utopia, meaning an ideal state, we are simply echoing the name Sir Thomas More gave to the imaginary community which he described in this book. It is not always remembered that the term Utopians, applied to social idealists, was coined by a Catholic writer.

Nevertheless, in these days when social theories are so much discussed and when writers like H. G. Wells are claiming credit for daring forecasts of the future society, there is a very special reason why we should bear in mind the work of this great Catholic sociologist. I want to make clear what that reason is.

The Church is often accused by radicals of failing to show sufficient interest in economic and industrial problems. It is said that she is too "other-worldly." It is pointed out that the great humanitarian movements of our time owe little to Catholic inspiration. We are supposed to be backward in supporting even those reforms which seem to be nothing else than applied Christianity. Catholics themselves have commented on

this. Jørgensen, the Danish poet, an English translation of whose autobiography has just been published by Messrs. Sheed and Ward, tells, in the story of his conversion, of the disappointment he felt, as a Social Reformer, at what seemed the apathy of the Catholics among whom he came with regard to the condition of the workers. It was one of the difficulties with which his new-found faith had to contend. If one who had been led to make his submission felt this, it is more than probable that others may be prevented by the same state of things from making their submission. This is where Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" may be of help.

Dr. George O'Brien in his "Economic Effects of the Reformation," has set forth very clearly one of the reasons for Catholic neglect of social questions. He says: "The greatest damage caused by the Reformation was the disruption of the unity of Christendom. The evolution of a great society penetrated by Christian faith and embodying in its institutions the precepts of Christian morality ceased to be any longer possible, when the dogmatic unity of Christendom was assailed and its central authority rejected. . . .

"After the Reformation a great part of the energy which the Catholic Church had devoted in the Middle Ages to the development of philosophy and art, and to the propagation of the Faith among pagans, had to be directed to protecting itself against the new enemies at its gate. It was precisely in the condition of a country suddenly convulsed by civil war; the efforts required to reestablish order and security within the realm, and to put down the disturbers of the peace, diverted the attention of the rulers from the pursuit of peaceful social reform and weakened the power of the community against its external enemies. . . .

"The Reformation, therefore, colored not only those who accepted it, but also those who rejected it. If it had not been for the deadly blow di-

rected at its authority in the Sixteenth Century, the Catholic Church would have been able to change the whole color of modern European civilization. If the ethical teaching of the Scholastics had been allowed to develop freely and peacefully, there can be no doubt that it would have evolved side by side with the new developments of modern life, and would have proved perfectly adequate to meet all the necessities of the complex civilization of the present time; and, if the great charitable institutions of the Middle Ages had been suffered to pursue their course, it is equally certain that a great part of the social problems of the industrial era would have been either mollified or avoided."

MORE's "Utopia" shows in what speculation Catholic thinkers of political eminence were indulging when the Reformation interrupted the course of their thought. Here we have a book, written by one who was to die for the Faith, in which are discussed all those questions so prominent today. Communism, capital punishment, war, forms of government and numerous other matters of a like kind are dealt with in an enlightened manner and with an abundance of genial humor far removed from the bitter controversial temper too common where such problems are under consideration. Sir Thomas More was no amateur politician. He was in the thick of affairs.

Moreover, he is no isolated phenomenon. Other men were debating the same questions as he, although without his learning and urbanity. It is clear that the Catholic world of those times was in a mood to attempt the reformation of social abuses. It was not, as is pretended, content with ignorance, poverty and warfare. Big social ideals were moving towards realization. Had matters proceeded peaceably, there can be little doubt that there would have succeeded an era of political and economic progress. Dr. O'Brien is right in saying that the ethical teaching of the Scholastics would have provided a firm basis for real social progress. Instead of that we see centuries of bar-

ren ecclesiastical and theological warfare in which the cry of the laborer, and the privations of the unemployed, with the consequent distress of men, women and children, go unheard.

The history of those times is like a story which breaks off at the most interesting point and becomes involved in arid discussion of abstruse and irrelevant issues. Nor was it only in the realm of controversy that the interruption caused by the Reformation hindered the advance of economic and social progress. We may take one point as an example.

I HAVE said that Sir Thomas More refers to Communism. A large part of his book is devoted to a picture of that system in operation. Utopia is a communistic state. Private property has been abolished and the law of the land compels all the citizens to live as one family. The account of this condition of things is put into the mouth of a traveler just returned, it is supposed, from long residence among the Utopians, and we are not to take his approval as representing the mind of the writer. Indeed it is clear that, while much which he transcribes from the narration of this traveler is set out as affording a pleasing contrast to the state of things then existing in England, his attitude on the whole is critical. The basis of his criticism is seen when he comes to set up what may be taken as his own ideal of Communism, which is also the Catholic ideal.

The early Christians, he tells us, as well as "the more serious sort of Christians ever since" (by which he means religious Orders) voluntarily gave up their private property and shared their goods among those of their brethren who were in need, under that supernatural or divine impulse which we call charity. And this is just the contrary of State Communism which compels its subjects to give up their private property and share it round precisely because it has no effective belief that the divine impulse of charity can take possession of the human heart. And how could it do so since Communism of this kind allows no effective belief in God Himself?

More saw clearly the distinction between the spirit of the monastic Orders and that of the State Communism he describes and of which he is sometimes supposed to have approved. He believed that the remedy for the social ills he saw must begin

Rex Judaeorum, Rex Coelestis

By MATTHEW RICHARDSON

THE last time Jesus
Came to His Capital,
The last time He came
To Jerusalem;
From its honeycomb mazes
They danced out, laughing all,
Humming like a rain,
And made a bright lane
For the poor dumb dazzled ass,
This last time that ever was;
Striking up psalms,
Waving fan palms,
Bowing salaams,
Cheering and clinging
To His garment hem;
And praised Him, singing:
"Blessed art thou
Forever from now,
Who comest in the Name
Unknown to the Gentiles";
And spread gay mantles
Wherever the ass
Might step upon them.
And this way He came
To Jerusalem.

So through the gateway,
Humble and stately,
Christ to His people
For the last time came;
And fickle and feeble
As He knew their frame,
His right hand blessed them,
His eye caressed them
With pity, and He bowed,
But not to them.
Was He not lonely?
Just once He bowed;
He bowed once only,
And not to them
Who gloried aloud
And ran there, clinging
With huzza and hymn
To His garment hem.
But the Lampads Seven
In Heaven grew dim;
The angels in Heaven
Had stopped their singing:
They looked at Him.
He bowed to them.

And this way He came
To Jerusalem.

with adopting as a practical measure the law of charity in all things. The combination of faith and fellowship, which it was the object of the Orders to embody, was the ideal for society at large. Had the reform of those Orders proceeded from within as, in course of time, it would have done, the State would have possessed a nucleus of Christian influence that would have purified the whole body politic. Moreover, the alms dispensed by the religious houses would have prevented that abject poverty which later on was to become all too familiar.

The Reformation not only prevented the fruitful discussion of the themes raised in "Utopia;" it destroyed those institutions to which the Blessed Thomas More pointed as embodying the principles which should govern a just society. The Church, that mother of charity, having been despoiled and her sacraments forbidden, the State was compelled to fall back on compulsion in order to relieve the large number of poor found everywhere. William Cobbett, himself a Protestant, as well as other non-Catholic writers, have borne ample testimony as to the misery which followed the spoliation of the monasteries. State Communism is but the logical outcome of the system then devised to take the place of the Church's voluntary and always effective ministry.

CAN there be question but that, if the tendencies observable in leading statesmen, like the author of this little book, had been allowed to develop, we should not only be free today from the menace of Russian Communism, but that there would have grown up among us that spirit of charity which transforms a nation into a large family, wherein if one suffer all suffer and if one rejoice all rejoice? The Reformers interrupted that process, and their descendents should be the very last in the world to accuse the Church of neglecting social-reform.

Nothing too bad to be incurable;
nothing too good to be hoped for;
nothing too high to be attempted;
nothing so precious that we cannot afford to give it away. Yes, even that! For there is that within the hero which is so rich that he can afford to give his very life away, and be none the poorer.—L. P. JACKS.

Mlle. Deschamps Talks

THE STORY OF HER MIRACULOUS CURE AT LOURDES

By AILEEN MAY CLEGG

WE HAD been sitting in the balcony through the lovely August afternoon, watching the wind ruffle the grasses in the fields before us, and gently swing the trees. Better, we felt, under that hot sun, to contemplate beauty, than to waste energy in dissecting it. So we sat in the flickering shade of the wisteria, breaking now into tardy hesitant heavenly blossoming, and saw the acacias foam on the brink of the steep to the south. Above them, the crosses on Calvary hill were steadfast amongst the changing verdure. Higher still, the Pyrenees leapt to meet the sky.

As we sat at ease, a woman came into view along the path fringed by the acacias. We leant forward a little to watch her, wondering what friend this might be. She wore black, she was slender, she was unusually graceful; and none of us could remember having seen her before.

She approached the gate; and, as I ran down to greet her, she smiled at me from under her drooping hat.

"I am Mlle. Deschamps," she said. "Forgive me for coming to call on you first. I came because I was told you would be glad to see me, to talk about the pilgrimage."

She was charming, I thought, and distinguished, with delightful gestures. Her head was small and beautifully poised. The forehead was broad and low, the eyes so dark a brown as to make one think them black, the nose aquiline, the mouth strong and tender. The face was oval, and the skin a pure olive without tint of rose except in the sensitive lips. What startled me, however, was neither her distinction nor her charm, though both of these existed in a remarkable degree, but rather the impression she gave of intense vitality cradled in peace. She was like a blade of finely tempered steel or an exquisitely balanced spring.

I knew at once who she was, and I might have been flattered at her visit, had I not realized that her interest was not in the very least with myself, but with the cause of Our Lady. It was obvious that, had she

pleased herself, she would have hidden and come into no unnecessary contact with the world, whose crudities and cruelties must hurt so sensitive a nature. Yet she had come to me quite simply, to talk either of her cure or of her experiences, that by so doing she might serve Our Lady of Lourdes.

I had already read her own account of her cure, as the letter in which she described it had previously been handed to me.

Mlle. Deschamps is one of the three hundred or so severe maladies who have been certified as cured at Lourdes.

She had suffered from tuberculous peritonitis and Pott's disease. She was three times cased in plaster, but it had to be removed on account of inflammation. She had fallen on the curb of a pavement so violently that the plaster case she was for the time wearing was shattered, and her spine was gravely injured. She was picked up unconscious and carried home. When she came to her senses she found that her legs were paralyzed, but alas! by no means insensitive. Phlebitis set in and caused such pain that the light pressure of her nightdress was unbearable, and every day and almost all day long she was in agony from the abdominal pains of peritonitis.

She was strapped to a plank with her head perfectly flat; but as some slight movements was still possible, and movement was considered injurious, the plank was replaced by a case resembling a tightly-fitting coffin. Morphine was administered every three hours with a view to relieving her sufferings, but this caused vomiting, intolerable to her in her prostrate position, and she begged that it might be discontinued. Sometimes she had her way. Sometimes they would not listen to her.

For six years she waited for death in this double agony, at last so weak that three times they thought she had died.

In the year 1922, she was brought

to Lourdes and bathed in the Piscine, and while in the water she suddenly felt quite well. There was no pain, such as sometimes accompanies miraculous healing—only an extraordinary feeling of being perfectly well.

When the doctors at the Medical Bureau examined her, they could find no trace of her disease.

We had listened, enthralled, while Mlle. Deschamps herself described the cure which had caused such sensations in its day . . . the beautiful voice, the measured, beautiful gestures, holding us still as the lizard that basked in the sun at her feet . . . but I interrupted her now to ask her what her feelings were in that astounding moment.

"Great joy," she said, "great gratitude, of course, but, above all, great fear."

When I expressed astonishment, asking of what she was afraid, she answered me simply:

"Of God," and, seeing my bewilderment, she added: "You see, He had come so close to me. He had touched me."

THERE was silence for a moment, she reviewing the ineffable memory, I striving to follow her as she reviewed it.

"The fear," she went on, "stayed with me for a long time. Had it been possible, I should have gone into a convent to make a retreat, and so have understood it better; but I did not belong to myself. I belonged to Our Lady of Lourdes, and I had to give myself up to the crowds that wanted to see me . . . first of all, the doctors at the Bureau, and then the other pilgrims. Poor things," she said. "They need to see a miracle. They come to Lourdes and see nothing and go away again, and people tell them no miracles ever happened at Lourdes, and they almost come to believe it. Miracles aren't worked for the doctors," she protested. "They are worked for the common people, so that they may have faith."

I thought of the ending of her letter, and of the soul nearest and dearest to her, who had received

once more the precious gift of faith:

"Our Lady had fulfilled my desires," she wrote, "and in her goodness had willed that my cure, which I had not asked for, should be the means of converting my father. I met him at Buisson Station, and he found me standing at the door of his compartment when he got down from the train. He was white with emotion, and could only say: 'My daughter!' A minute later, when I asked him to come and thank Our Lady by communicating with me the following Sunday in the Parish Church, he replied, 'Daughter, on Sunday I shall be in Lourdes,' and he kept his word. Until his death, which happened a year later, he was an example to everyone by the faith to which he testified joyfully on every possible occasion."

"AND ever since your cure, seven years ago, you have been perfectly well," I asked.

"Yes," she replied, unhesitatingly, though at first I had enough strain to cause a breakdown. Imagine it. For weeks and months I was besieged morning, noon and night, by crowds anxious to hear details. Doctors, priests, enemies of the supernatural, and ordinary people, all wanted to hear from my own lips what had happened . . . or to prove that it had never happened at all. Sometimes they insisted on being shown into my room before I was up. I remember once it was after midday before I had any chance of getting out of bed. Our housemaid was in despair. She said before them all, 'But, Mademoiselle will starve if you gentlemen will not have the goodness to leave her alone for a moment or two. They don't give her time even to eat.' So now when I am at Lourdes and hear that there has been a miracle, I don't try to see the one who has been cured, for I remember my own experience, and how tired I was of the hubbub about me."

"But sometimes you have seen the miraculous close to you, without going out of your way to find it. Isn't that so?" I suggested.

"Yes," she said, "that happens sometimes. This year, during the French National Pilgrimage, there was a woman in my ward at the *Sept Douleurs* Hospital who had had an operation for mastoid growth and caries of the bone had set in. She came to Lourdes in a pretty

bad state . . . in great pain, totally deaf in one ear and just hearing with the other, and both ears suppurating. It was a particularly distressing case because the pus that soaked her bandages had an offensive odor, most distressing to those near her. Well, she suddenly found that she could hear perfectly. The pus ceased running, the bandages were unstained, there was no longer any foul smell. From her own point of view, she seems to be perfectly cured. However, the case has not yet been declared completely devoid of natural explanation by the Medical Bureau, though it looks as if there is every hope of its being finally registered as miraculous. The history of the case must be carefully gone into, the certificates must be flawless, and also, as you know, the cure must be proved lasting. Probably the woman will return with the French National Pilgrimage next year, and if she is still in perfect health, and if, as I have already said, her medical certificates are satisfactory, her name will be added to the lists of people miraculously healed at Lourdes, and her photograph will go up in the Medical Bureau."

"I have seen yours there," I said, laughing. "You looked like one risen from the dead."

"There is a worse one than that," she assured me, laughing in her turn. "It was taken in the afternoon of my cure, after I had undergone the medical examination and the interviews had begun. Imagine what it is to have any number of doctors . . . thirty perhaps . . . of many nationalities around you, bombarding you with questions, examining you, furiously discussing your case, a terrible battle of words. Some poor who were cured would be frightened and burst into tears, if Our Lady did not continue the miracle and help them through."

"Why are there so many miracles during the French National Pilgrimage?" I asked her. "There seem to be almost always some pretty astounding cures. Is it because it's a pilgrimage of the very poor?"

"Partly that, I think," she answered me; "and partly that they pray so well. And you must remember that we begin praying long before the pilgrimage. We don't wait till we get to Lourdes to ask for cures."

"This year I see that once more

the French National Pilgrimage had a cure registered at once. Not, perhaps, so exciting a cure, if one may be permitted to say so, as the disappearance of Madame Augault's enormous tumor last year; but an interesting one, all the same."

Mademoiselle Deschamps smiled indulgently at my phraseology, and waited.

"I mean the cure of the girl who had been paralyzed for thirteen years as a result of injuring five vertebrae by falling on the ice."

"She was cured in her sleep," said Mademoiselle. "She woke in the night and found she could turn over in bed. Next morning she walked normally. As there was no doubt as to the injury, there has been none as to the supernatural nature of the cure."

"The *Journal de la Grotte* speaks of fifty people presenting themselves at the Medical Bureau as cured during the five days of the French National Pilgrimage this year, of whom twenty-six were retained for further investigation."

"Yes," said my visitor, "and no doubt there have been others and many ameliorations, that have not been brought to the notice of the Medical Bureau. But, after all, though these cures are magnificent, and mean everything to the happy people who are cured, it is the spiritual cures that matter. It is for them that Lourdes exists. If I had time, I could tell you true tales that would leave you lost in admiration of the marvellous mercies of God!"

She rose to go, her figure straight as an arrow, her gaze directed to the Grotto, veiled here by the fringe of young acacias. The afternoon procession had just ended. We could hear the singing above the hooting of motors on the road to Paris.

I turned to her and pleaded, "May I come to see you at your convent, one evening after dinner? And will you tell me something more of what you have seen at Lourdes?"

She promised me, holding my hand firmly in her steady grasp.

IT WAS a few evenings after our talk in the balcony that I called on Mlle. Deschamps.

She came to me in the great parlor of the Assumption convent, where the French windows stood wide to welcome the night wind.

As the last light faded and the stars came out, the candles in the

Grotto beyond the river burnt with ever intenser gold, till the whole cave seemed aflame. The Gave murmured in its rocky bed. The spire of the Basilica pointed to Heaven; and in the great shadow, the statue of Mary the Maiden glimmered palely against the blackness of the rock. To this my eyes strayed as Mlle. Deschamps talked to me. To this they always returned in the pauses of that warm and eager voice.

SHE told first a tragic story which concerned herself. She gave it to me without any effort to explain it. Here it is just as she told it to me:

The Abbé Belleney runs a Catholic cinema at Lourdes, where a film of the Apparitions is shown. At the same time, he gives some account of the chief events in the history of Lourdes. On one occasion he had in the audience a number of rough work-girls from Paris, the majority of them either slack Catholics or without faith. They had been persuaded to come to Lourdes as part of a holiday jaunt, in the hope that at least some of them, touched by what they saw there, might be converted. The Abbé Belleney described the case of Mlle. Deschamps to them, and perceived he had made an impression.

On the following day they made an excursion to Pau, and they began talking of Mlle. Deschamps' cure in the train. A man in the corner of the compartment listened for a time. Then he leant forward and joined in the discussion.

"Pooh!" he said. "Stuff and nonsense! They fill you with lies down there. I'm from Perigueux, too, and I live near Mlle. Deschamps. At least I should, if she were still alive, but she's dead and buried years ago."

The girls believed what he said, and reported their belief when they got back to Lourdes. The Abbé Belleney's distress can be imagined. Mlle. Deschamps was in Lourdes at the time, and the Abbé sent for her; but though she was searched for everywhere, no one could find her until it was too late, and the girls had returned to Paris, scoffing at what they had seen and heard.

On another occasion things went better. Mlle. Deschamps was at the railway station, waiting with a friend for the train which would take them back to Perigueux, when they noticed a priest walking up and down the

platform in a state of agitation. By an inspiration, Mlle. Deschamps' friend seized her and pushed her before the priest.

"This is the person who was miraculously cured," she said, and was beginning to recount her case when the priest exclaimed, "Splendid! you come at the right moment. I have just been talking to a man who swears that there are no miracles. He is in that compartment. Come with me."

Unfortunately at that instant the train began to move, and Mlle. Deschamps had to fly to her own place. At the first stop, however, she got down and mounted into the compartment of the man who didn't believe in miracles. She found it full.

"I have been told that a gentleman here denies the miracles of Lourdes," she said. "I have come to prove him mistaken."

A man started up from the corner white with rage—literally foaming at the mouth. For a moment she thought he would strike her. Had they been alone she believed he would have been glad to kill her. But she calmly recounted the history of her cure and then withdrew.

These two stories are typical of the hatred of Catholicism which exists in the French atheist. Perhaps only those with long experience of France can have any idea of the love of God on the one hand, of detestation of things sacred on the other, which can exist side by side in that nation prone to extremes. Sanctity or the reverse, nothing by halves, is the keynote of French spiritual life; but the greatest sinners may become the greatest saints.

"Tell me now," I begged, "something of the sick you have tended, of the spiritual cures of which you spoke to me."

She thought for a moment.

"One of the most touching little incidents I have ever come across occurred during this last French National Pilgrimage," she said.

"It is the custom with some of those in charge of the sick to attach themselves definitely to a chosen patient or group of patients. They care for these specially, praying above all for these. For myself, I have always preferred to make no distinction between the various sick people in my room, and I try to serve them with equal attention. Last thing at night, just before leaving them, I make the round of the beds to make

sure they are all as comfortable as may be. I take my time, so that they may see I am at their service; and this is the moment when they open their hearts.

"One night a blind girl talked to me.

"I had noticed her as specially devout, and as I smoothed her pillow and tucked the bed-clothes about her, I said to her, 'Tomorrow we'll pray specially hard that you may be cured.'

"She cried out at once, with a sort of horror in her voice, 'Don't do that, Mademoiselle! I beg you not to do that!'

"I was astounded.

"But why not, my child?" I asked her. "You want to be cured, don't you? Surely that is why you came to Lourdes?"

"Oh, no, Mademoiselle," she answered me. "Never for that. Don't you see that now I belong altogether to the good God. There's nothing now that can distract me from Him. I'm all His. If I could see, I should be distracted all day long. I should be compelled to think of so many other things. But now nothing can take me away from Him."

"But, my child," I protested. "Don't you at least want to be cured so that you may work for your living?—for I could see that she was poor."

"But I do work," she replied proudly.

"What do you do?" I asked her, marvelling the more.

"I take care of the little ones in an orphanage," was the answer. I sleep in the dormitory with them, and I assure you I take the greatest care of them."

"But how do you manage that when you can't see them?" was my next question.

"I listen," she said triumphantly. "That's much better than seeing. If I had my eyes, I could only look one way at a time, but now I can hear all over the place, and no one makes the least movement without my knowing what they're up to . . ." and she bade me good night quite happily, and went to sleep perfectly content."

ANOTHER night I offered to pray for a woman dying of consumption, but again, like the blind girl, she refused to think of her cure. She explained to me that she had brothers and sisters who had lost their faith, that they belonged to an

intellectual set that was entirely skeptical, and that no miracle would avail to convert them, for they would only explain it away. 'But,' she added, with divine wisdom, 'if I go on suffering for them, if I offer my life for them, God may give them graces which they will hardly be able to resist.'"

Mlle. Deschamps ceased speaking, and I looked through the open windows at the Grotto. A hundred, a thousand candles were added to those at the shrine, for the pilgrims were gathering for the torchlight procession, and the night glowed with the myriad golden flames. Each added its little tongue of praise and prayer, as the worshippers came in from every side . . . under the arches and over them, from the Boulevard and the Rue de la Grotte, and down the zig-zag path to the west of the Basilica.

HE spoke again, and the candle flames were woven like golden threads through the stories she told me, symbols now of sacrifice, as the radiance about the Grotto was the symbol of grace received. I looked at the statue of Mary. Its immobility suggested that she was listening, too.

"Last summer . . . that is to say, in the year 1928 . . . a woman came for the third and last time to Lourdes. I had noticed her at her first visit for, unlike the other pilgrims, she wept pitifully and almost continually, and seemed to be in a state bordering on despair. She told me her story. She had married and had a child, and then it was found that she was consumptive. Her husband, whom she worshipped, abandoned her, but she clung for a time to the child. Then one day the grandparents came to her.

"Give us the child," they said. 'We will bring him up carefully, and we promise you that he shall be happy. But you must make over all your rights in him to us and swear never to see him again. If, on the other hand, you prefer to keep him with you, you know the probable end . . . you will sow the seeds of your disease in him, and he will die as you are sure to die. Choose now.' So she gave up the child from very love.

"She came a second time to Lourdes, and that in itself is unusual, for the sick who are brought by the French National Pilgrimage are only allowed to come once. There

are so many more clamoring to come.

"The second visit was like the first . . . despair and tears and the same prayer repeated continually: 'Hear me, O God. Give me back my husband! O Mother of God, give me back my baby!'

"She came once more, and still she wept hopelessly. Then one day, as I was going to the Grotto, I met her being wheeled away from it. For a moment, I hardly recognized her. Her face was radiant. The light shining in her eyes was such as I had never seen or imagined. She saw me and stretched out her hands to me.

"O Mademoiselle," she said. 'If I could only tell you what has happened to me . . . what grace has been given to me . . . Nothing can ever make me unhappy again. I am quite content now . . . never to see my husband and baby again . . . never to get any better. Thank God, thank God, for the overwhelming grace He has given to me!'

"She remained in the same state of perfect happiness till the pilgrimage left. I never saw her again. She died during the following winter.

"Ave, Ave, Ave Maria! Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!" sang the pilgrims at the Grotto. The torchlight procession had begun.

"I knew a girl," said Mlle. Deschamps, "who offered her life at the Grotto that her married sister, who was childless, might have a baby. Next year the baby was born, and the girl was brought dying to Lourdes."

She was silent for a moment. Then she answered my unspoken question.

"She was not cured," she said. "I once witnessed a heroic scene," she continued, "in a corner of my ward in the *Sept Douleurs* Hospital here.

"I went in late one night to make sure that all was well, and I noticed a little group in the corner. I went over and found a dying child. His father, a mechanic from Avignon, knelt at the bedside. The mother was there, too. I asked them if I could do anything, but they answered 'Nothing.'

"Then the father got up and bent over his son.

"Darling!" he said; and the child turned his eyes and looked at him.

"Darling!" he said again. 'You remember before you were ill, you said you would be a priest and be-

long to God. I'm going to tell you something important. Soon you will die and go to God, so that you may belong to Him in Heaven. Say this after me, darling: 'Jesus! I give my life for the priests.'

"The child obediently repeated the words, 'Jesus! I give my life for the priests.' Then he turned to his father.

"Father! Why must I die?" he asked.

"The father did not flinch. "Because it is God's will," he answered.

"Oh!" said the child, as if in acquiescence; and he lay quite still.

"The father bent over him once more, 'Darling!' he called again. 'Say, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. O Jesus! I give my life for France.'

"Again the child repeated the words, but his voice was only a whisper. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. O Jesus! I give my life for France.'

"And so it went on through the night, the father beating down his own grief, in a superhuman effort to help his little son to die. The mother knelt on at the bedside, hardly speaking. When at last the child died in the early hours of the morning, the father sang . . . his voice shaken by the tears he would not permit himself to let fall . . . the hymn to Our Lady beloved by all French pilgrims—

J'irai la voir un jour,

Au ciel dans ma patrie,

J'irai voir Marie,

Ou cèleste séjour!

"Next day, as he was watching beside his dead, he realized that it was half-past four, the hour when the Blessed Sacrament leaves the Grotto for the Blessing of the Sick.

"What am I doing here, bewailing my dead?" he almost shouted. "Am I not a pilgrim?" And he went to find his God, to lead Him down the lines of suffering bodies, where lately his own son had had a place, and to pray with the rest that others at least might be cured.

CREDO IN UNUM DEUM! (I believe in One God.) The chanting soared from the square, where the sick are blessed, where some find healing, and all find comfort at last. We moved to the window and looked out at that tiny section of the vast crowd which could be seen through the arches of the ramp. The rest were hidden, but from the invisible

multitude the singing rose, a steady tide, till it seemed to beat, wave after wave, at the very gates of Heaven.

Que propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis (Who for us men and for our salvation descended from Heaven).

God was here now, for He had remained on earth. He was living in the convent chapel a few paces away. He was in those three churches on

the other side of the river. He was listening to the singing of those thousands of souls ranked in the arena before Him. His Mother listened from the cave.

Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi saeculi. (And I look for the resurrection of the dead and life of the world to come.) Amen.

The blessing was given and the

crowds dispersed. Gradually the pilgrims' candles died out and the Grotto was quiet under the stars. Only the trees moved sombrely, leaning to the gentle wind. Only the candles in the Grotto whispered and stirred. The few worshippers kneeling at the railings were still, the soul of each content beyond its deepest aspiration. And I, too, as I took my way home across the tranquil fields.

The Sign of the Passion

THE DISTINCTIVE EMBLEM OF THE PASSIONISTS

By CHARLES SCHIFFMACHER

A SINGLE tallow candle lighted the room. A make-shift table and chair, a bed and the figure of a man were faintly outlined in the uncertain flare. Grotesque shadows were leaping and falling on the wall in unison with the rising and dimming of the candle. The room itself was a cramped affair, dingy and none too clean. It had formerly served as a diminutive sacristy to the church of San Carlo of Castellazzo, but had been a long time in disuse when this man came to it. He had stopped a gaping hole in the stained glass window in the December cold. A bleak wind swept round the cell, shaking the door and making the candle sputter.

The city was sleeping yet the candle flickered on and the man, bent over close to its beam, was writing quickly. He was Paul Daneo or as he would have himself called, Paul of the Cross; the same Saint Paul who is today regarded the world over as the Saint of the Crucified. He sat bare-headed bare-footed and dressed in a rough tunic, yet neither the dimness of the light nor the unusual garb could conceal his nobleness of feature or his mien of unobtrusive culture. He was descended from a line of sturdy barons and militant landowners of the early Middle Ages. Through the vicissitudes of feudal warfare his family had been reduced to its present state—his father was a shop keeper. Withal, the character of nobility had left its mark upon Paul; he had tramped to this squalid cell to essay a task that would have quailed the heart of his stoutest progenitor. He was about to establish a new religious order in the Church and was even now drafting

a rule by which the members of that Order would follow.

In the introduction to the rule the Saint recalls the first vision he had relative to founding his Order and how Our Lord manifested to him the Sign he was to wear. "One day," he says, "I went to Holy Communion at the church of the Capuchin Fathers at Castellazzo, and after I left the church I was recollected as in prayer; when I came to the road that turns to our house I was raised up to God in the highest contemplation. At this time I beheld myself in spirit dressed in a black habit that reached to the ground, with a white cross on the breast and beneath the cross I bore the most sacred Name of Jesus written in white letters. At the same time I heard the words spoken to me: 'This is for a sign of how pure and candid that heart should be which is to bear the most Sacred Name of Jesus engraven upon it.'"

In this first vision St. Paul saw only the Name of Jesus written under the cross, the other two words *XPI PASSIO* were manifested to him in subsequent revelations. The Sign as it is worn today by the sons of St. Paul consists of the inscription *JESU XPI PASSIO* (the Passion of Jesus Christ) in white letters, enclosed in a white heart and surmounted by a white cross. The background for the whole is in black.

Saint Paul like most great founders of Religious Orders, had special lights in regard to the institute he founded, and in a particular manner concerning the Sign of the Passion. In fact it might be said that if one

wishes to understand the character of the Passionist Order, one need but know the extraordinary origin and profound meaning of the Sign.

The first to wear the Sign was Our Lady of Sorrows. St. Paul narrates that "being on a journey and thinking to myself what religious institute I ought to join, there appeared to me the Blessed Virgin. Oh! how beautiful! I dare not gaze upon her without the greatest dread. I saw her clothed in black with the Sign on her breast, which was exactly as the one I wear. And with love more maternal she said: 'Son see how I am clothed in mourning for the most bitter Passion of my beloved Son, Jesus. This is how you are to clothe yourself and found an Order in which all the members will so dress and will mourn continually for the Passion and Death of my Son.'"

The Sign, then, which St. Paul and his followers wear is no mere human invention. The Saint was wont to say that it came neither from himself nor from other man, but that its origin was purely supernatural. In the Processes of his Canonization many who had been privileged to hear him speak of these things gave their testimony under oath. The deposition of Father Bonaventure is interesting: "While I was at the Retreat of St. Eustace," he says, "Father Paul came on a visit. During the evening recreation the servant of God began to speak of the divine lights he had received from Our Lord in regard to the foundation of our Order. He did this with so much sweetness and warmth that he captivated all who listened to him. Among other things he spoke of the Sign we wear and said that one time he saw it 'in the

hands of angels,' but becoming at once conscious that he allowed a great secret to slip he ended the conversation abruptly and seemed sorry that he spoke."

THE Sign having been manifested at divers times and in such extraordinary ways it is not remarkable that St. Paul always expressed the highest esteem for it. In his correspondence he calls it the 'holy Sign,' the 'most holy Sign' and the 'admirable and most holy Sign.'

The Sign was revealed to St. Paul when still a young man; yet many years were to pass before he and his companions would be permitted to wear it. His Bishop, Monsignor Gratinara, gave him permission to wear the black habit, for that was considered to be the customary garb of a hermit. At that time the hermitical life was practised in Italy, and though little encouraged after the Council of Trent, was still recognized. For a hermit, however to exhibit on his tunic an emblem so distinctive as the Sign of the Passion would have been tantamount to starting a new Order, and this was beyond the power of the bishop to allow. It was not until 1741, when the rule was approved by the Holy See that he was granted this privilege. In the month of May of that year the news reached him that Rome had given its approval. Now he and his companions could make their formal profession and wear publicly the sacred Sign.

In a letter of thanks to the Abbé Garangi, the servant of God expresses the hope that his other request—of conserving day and night the most Holy Sacrament in his new church—would be likewise granted. "This would be a great help," he wrote, "in preparing us for the renewal of our vows, and above all for disposing us to be signed with the most holy Sign of Salvation, which shall indicate to all nations that we are destined to preach the most bitter sufferings of our Lord, and to promote a devotion thereto in the hearts of all peoples."

Our Saint was not merely privileged to wear this Sign outwardly on his habit, but Heaven wished that he should likewise have it deeply imprinted on his heart. In the Processes for his Canonization we read that on one Good Friday while he was praying before the "Holy Sepulchre" his heart became distended.

So great was the dilatation that three ribs were raised out of place; otherwise, his physician attested, he could not have continued to live. St. Paul of the Cross gives us a detailed account of what happened: "Our Lord, engraved on my heart all the instruments of His Passion, and in the midst of these He placed the holy Sign, *Jesu Christi Passio*. With the Passion he also impressed on my heart the sorrows of His Blessed Mother. Oh! what grief I felt! What love!" He added that this intense realization of the Passion made him weep from Thursday evening until Sunday each week. On one occasion he pleaded: "Lord hide me in thy Wounds for I cannot withhold from showing this suffering." Then the Crucified, before Whom he prayed, detached an arm from the cross, drawing him to His side, held him in close embrace for three hours.



Every Religious Order has its seal. Depicted on this is a symbol that visualizes the individual spirit and work of the Order. St. Paul unhesitatingly chose the Sign of the Passion as the official seal of his Order, and to this he added the palm and olive branches. The palm and the olive have been considered as symbolical of the Passion of Our Savior, yet the peculiar circumstances that led to their adoption by St. Paul of the Cross were providential. On the very spot on Monte Argentaro where he built his first monastery there were an olive and a palm tree. It was in the shadow of these that the Saint together with his brother John used to adore Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament in the principal church in the valley below. It was also in the midst of the olive tree that the Blessed Mother ap-

peared to the Saint and made known to him that here he was to erect his first monastery. These two trees then, were most dear to his devout and poetical soul, and as a remembrance of them he wished that they should figure on the escutcheon of the new Order. Of this one of the first Rectors of Monte Argentaro bears testimony: "Father Paul," he declares, "told that where at present the monastery is located there was a field of wheat and on the exact spot where the chapel stands there were a palm and an olive tree. It was for this reason that when the question of a seal for the Order rose he begged me to make a model for the engraver and to place on one side of the heart a palm branch and on the other an olive."

Even before the coming of Christ the palm was a symbol of victory. Yet who more than Christ and the martyrs have a right to the Palm? Through His Passion and Death the Savior triumphed over sin and death; and by their sufferings the martyrs won final victory. The olive on the other hand was an emblem of peace, taking its significance from the incident in Holy Scripture that tells of the return of the dove bearing a bough of olive to the Ark; thus informing Noe that the waters had subsided and harmony was once more established between the Creator and the creature. To St. Paul it had an added symbolism: "It is a token of peace," he explains, "of charity, of humility, of fecundity, and lastly of mortification. It grows in rocky soil and is content with the meagre nourishment that it finds among the rocks. From its early years its trunk is austere and spare, but its branches are vigorous and verdant, always elevating themselves towards their Creator. It is a beautiful and a vivid figure of what a Religious should be who is destined to praise and honor his Maker."

THE Sign of the Passion designed in Heaven and brought by angels to St. Paul of the Cross, was worn by Our Blessed Lady, the most beautiful of women; it was engraved on the flesh of the heart of St. Paul. Under this emblem of the Cross the Saint gathered together the militia of Christ, and with this Sign of Salvation on their breasts and the remembrance of His Passion in their hearts they go out among men to "preach Christ and Him Crucified."

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

OBEDIENCE OF THE CLERGY

(1) *In what ways are regular and secular priests bound to be obedient to their superiors? Are they bound to obey in everything? (2) Is there any book which explains these things?*—G. C., NEW CASTLE, PA.

(1) Priests in Religious Orders make a *vow* of obedience to their superiors. Secular priests make a *promise* of obedience to the bishops at their ordination. The former obligation is more solemn than the latter. By virtue of the vow, and also of the promise, priests are obliged to obey their prelates in all those matters which concern the clerical state, and which they are able to perform. No one can be obliged to do what is impossible, much less, what is against the law of God.

(2) Read the Catholic Encyclopedia, under title "Obedience."

PERPETUAL ADORATION CONVENTS

Are there any convents of cloistered nuns engaged in perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in this vicinity?—A. C., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Yes, the Convent of Mary Reparatrice, 14 East 29th Street, New York City; and The Cenacle, 628 West 140th Street, New York City.

CASH PRIZE

I hold a ticket on the Treasury Balance. If the last five numbers of the U. S. Treasury Balance correspond with my numbers, I will receive a cash prize. Is this all right?—W. A. R., DORCHESTER, MASS.

If you are lucky, take the money without misgivings.

INTERPRETING ISAIAH

Will you please interpret the following verses from Isaiah (Chapter 7, verses 20 and 21): "In that day the Lord shall shave with a razor that is hired by them that are beyond the river, by the King of the Assyrians, the head and the hairs of the feet, and the whole beard. And it shall come to pass in that day that a man shall nourish a young cow and two sheep."—M. M., HOLLIS, N. Y.

Under the metaphor of a razor, the Prophet foretells the punishment of the Jews. The razor is Sennacherib and the Assyrians, who come from beyond the river Euphrates. Among the ancients shaving the head and beard was a sign of servitude. When victorious generals returned in triumph it was usual for them to be followed by their captives, whose head and beard had been shaved. In one of the works of Aristophanes we read: "Since you are a slave, why do you nourish your hair?" The meaning of verse 20, therefore, is that the Jews will be reduced to servitude by the Assyrians.

The people are compared to a human body, whose head (rulers), beard (priests and counsellors), and feet (common people) will be shaved, that is, reduced to servitude.

So great would be the destruction effected by the Assyrians, that those who once were rich, and in possession of large herds of cattle and sheep, would be fortunate to own but a single cow and two sheep. But the fields which had been laid waste by the invaders left so much for these few cattle to feed upon (verse 25) that they waxed fat, and became a fruitful source of nourishment in milk and butter and food.

DESTROYING ARTICLES OF DEVOTION

How should one dispose of old and disfigured statues and broken rosary beads?—E. R., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

If the articles are beyond repair, break the statues, and throw the rosaries into the fire.

HENRY FORD

What is the attitude of Henry Ford, the automobile king, toward the Roman Catholic Church? I have read that in 1921 he turned Roman Catholic. But last week I read in a magazine that he gave \$500,000 towards the erection of a Masonic temple.—U. T. L., PARIS, FRANCE.

As far as we know, Henry Ford is not a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, nor has he contributed notably towards any Catholic cause. What his attitude towards the Church is, we cannot say.

FASTING AND ABSTINENCE

May a person under twenty-one eat meat twice a day during Lent, except, of course, on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Ember Days?—E. S., SANDUSKY, O.

Yes.

PLENARY INDULGENCE

Please explain fully what a plenary indulgence means, its effect at death, and how is it possible to gain several plenary indulgences? Does a person go straight to Heaven who has gained a plenary indulgence at death? God's mercy seems so wonderful that I cannot comprehend it.—M. M., MARSHFIELD, ORE.

A plenary indulgence means the remission of all the temporal punishment due to sins already pardoned, outside the Sacrament of Penance. In every sin there are two things to be considered: guilt and punishment. The punishment due to sin is twofold, *eternal* and *temporal*. When sin is absolved in the Sacrament of Penance the *guilt* and the *eternal* punishment are remitted. But the *temporal* punish-

ment may still remain. It is to satisfy for the *temporal* punishment still due to forgiven sin that indulgences have been instituted by the Church. When a partial indulgence is gained (say of 40 days) the same amount of satisfaction is paid when one gains the indulgence, as would have been merited by performing the canonical penances of the early Church for the same length of time. When a plenary indulgence is gained, *all* the temporal punishment is remitted. Of course, the penitent must have the proper dispositions, and also perform the works enjoined by the Church for gaining indulgences. A person can gain but one plenary indulgence at one time, but since no one knows for certain whether he has gained the indulgence fully, he may seek to gain others. If a person gains a plenary indulgence at the hour of death, he will go straight to Heaven.

JOINING THE MONKS

What are the requirements for a young man to join the monks? Do you think that a young man would do well to join them?—M. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It will be more satisfactory for you to seek advice in this matter from your pastor or confessor. Your other questions should also be put to your confessor.

A CATHOLIC AND DIVORCE: FAITH IN PRAYER

(1) *A Catholic girl married a non-Catholic before a minister. This excommunicates the Catholic party, doesn't it? Now there has been a divorce. Can another Catholic girl marry this man?* (2) *I am losing faith in prayer. I have never received anything that I have prayed for.* (3) *Is it true that when prayers have not been answered the graces which they merited are stored up for you?*—M. N., ALLSTON, MASS.

(1) Catholics who have married outside the Church since 1908 are unmarried, and also subject to excommunication. Therefore, the parties are free to marry. A Catholic girl could marry the divorced man, if the Bishop sees fit to grant a dispensation for a "mixed marriage." But it is a continual source of anxiety to us why so many Catholic girls wish to marry divorced men.

(2) Prayer said with the proper dispensations is always heard by God, but the favor asked, especially if it be a temporal favor, is not always granted, because in the long run it may not be for our good. Our Lord said, "If you ask the Father anything in My Name He will give it to you." To pray in Jesus' name is to pray with His sentiments, and in union with Him. It means, therefore, to be in the state of grace, to ask for what is good for us, and to ask with humility, confidence, resignation and perseverance. Even Jesus did not obtain what He asked in the Garden of Gethsemani, because God wished the human race to be redeemed by the shedding of His blood. But God sent an angel to comfort Him. If you will examine carefully, you will find that God has answered your prayers in some way. It may be that He wishes to try you further, in order that you may be more worthy of what He wishes to give you. Again, there may be something in your life which is displeasing to Him, and which He has intimated to your conscience that you should remove, before He grants your prayer.

(3) There is merit attached to every prayer made in Our Lord's Name, which merit is to your credit in Heaven.

THE BLACK SCAPULAR

(1) *What are the indulgences attached to the Black Scapular?* (2) *What are the obligations to be fulfilled in order to gain the indulgences?*—E. A., TECHN, ILL.

(1) Plenary indulgences may be gained on the day of investiture, at the hour of death, and on the following feasts: The Solemn Commemoration of the Passion (Tuesday following Sexagesima Sunday), Feast of the Seven Dolors (Friday after Passion Sunday), St. Joseph (March 19), St. Paul of the Cross (April 28), Patronage of St. Joseph (third Sunday after Easter), Finding of the True Cross (May 3), Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary (August 15), Exaltation of the Holy Cross (September 14), Feast of the Seven Dolors (third Sunday of September), St. Michael (September 29), Presentation of the Blessed Virgin (November 21). These indulgences are granted under the usual conditions, viz., reception of the Sacraments, and prayer for the Pope.

(2) Persons invested in the Black Scapular must wear the scapular, or the scapular medal. No special prayers are prescribed, but each one is urged to think frequently of the Passion of Christ, which is the object of the devotion. Those who wear the Black Scapular are associated with the Congregation of Passionists, and participate in their good works, sacrifices, and merits.

MARRIAGE BETWEEN CATHOLIC AND JEW

It has always been my understanding that the Catholic Church will not permit a Catholic to marry a Jew. Yet a week or so ago it seems that a priest did perform such a marriage. Will you please explain the grounds on which the Church will permit such a marriage? I always thought that it was necessary in every case to produce baptismal certificates.—H. K., WOODHAVEN, N. Y.

Catholics are forbidden by Canon Law to contract marriage with all non-Catholics, whether they are baptized or unbaptized. The impediment which exists between a Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic is called "mixed religion." The impediment which exists between a Catholic and an unbaptized non-Catholic is called "disparity of cult." The latter is the more serious impediment. For a Catholic to contract marriage in either case it is necessary to apply for a dispensation. A dispensation cannot be granted except for just and grave reasons. In every case it is required that the non-Catholic party solemnly promise not to interfere in any way with the religion of the Catholic party, and both parties promise on their word of honor that all children born to them will be baptized and educated in the Catholic religion. The marriage between a Catholic and a Jew can be allowed, but it is very rare. Usually the Pope is the one to grant the necessary dispensation. Only when the non-Catholic has been baptized are baptismal certificates required.

VARIETIES OF BEADS

Are there other rosaries besides the Blessed Virgin's? If so, where could I obtain them?—H. B. F., LOUISVILLE, KY.

The term "rosary" is usually applied only to the Dominican beads. But there are several other kinds of beads, besides the Dominican. Here are a few: Immaculate Conception Beads, Seven Dolor Beads, Crozier Beads, Brigittine Beads, Five Wound Beads, Blessed Sacrament Beads, St. Ann's Beads. They can be obtained at Catholic supply stores.

FRIARS: COWL AND BIRETTA

(1) *Who are the Black Friars?* (2) *Who are the Grey Friars?* (3) *Has the Dominican habit ever been changed? Did the monks at one time wear sandals, and a cord around the waist?* (4) *What is the significance of the cowl and the biretta?*—F. C., SCRANTON, PA.

- (1) The Dominican Fathers.
- (2) A branch of the Franciscan Order.
- (3) In the beginning the Friars wore sandals and a cord.
- (4) The cowl is a head covering proper to Orders of monks and friars. The biretta is a head covering proper to secular priests and religious priests who are not monks or friars. Originally the biretta was a soft, round cap. In putting on and taking off it would become indented by the pressure of the hand. The folds made by the hand in this process were sewed together, making three wings. The biretta and cowl find their significance in their use—to cover the head.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN AGAIN

I am greatly puzzled concerning the unpardonable sin, mentioned in the Gospel of St. Matthew (Chapter 12, verse 32): "he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." Yet Jesus said to His apostles: "whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them." Please explain.—M. E. T., ALLSTON, MASS.

This difficulty was explained in the October issue of THE SIGN, page 156. It is called "unpardonable," not because it is outside God's power to forgive, but because those guilty of it seldom, if ever, ask for pardon. Those who, like the Pharisees, resist the very means God takes to convert them, will not be pardoned, because they do not wish to be forgiven.

MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

Will you please tell me the name of the order of Sisters, who are sent out as catechists among the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest?—F. M., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Write to the Sister Superior, Victory Knoll, Huntington, Indiana.

CHURCH AND DEMOCRACY: POPE AND NAPOLEON: ANGLICANS

(1) Has not the Church within the last fifty years or so performed a VOLTE FACE in sponsoring democracy? All logic chopping aside, did she not view democracy with suspicion in the 18th and the early 19th century? (2) How could Pius VII consistently allow Napoleon I to divorce Josephine to marry Maria Louise? (3) Why is the Anglican Church heretical and denied the schismatical status of the Greek Orthodox Church?—T. C. D., BOSTON, MASS.

(1) The Church does not take issue with any legitimate form of government which contributes to the general welfare of the citizens. If the Church looked with suspicion on democracy (so-called) in the 18th and early 19th century it was because the purposes of those who styled themselves democrats were often in open conflict with the principles of reason and revelation. The extravagant and violent program of democracy which resulted in the French Revolution (1789) is an instance in point. The social gospel of men like Rousseau, with their battle cry of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" were subversive of public morality and destructive of the public welfare because contrary to both divine and human laws. If the Church has changed her attitude towards democracy it is because democracy has expressed itself more closely in accord with the eternal principles of Christianity, such as the divine origin of authority, and the paramount importance of religion in the life of the State.

(2) Pope Pius VII had nothing to do with the so-called divorce of Napoleon from Josephine, for the question was never referred to his supreme authority. The divorce was granted by a subservient diocesan court. This court realized

that the question of annulment in regard to the marriages of sovereigns was reserved to the Pope, but they alleged the dishonest excuse that recourse to the Pope was too difficult.

(3) Nothing is denied either the Anglican Church or the Greek Orthodox Church in the matter of appellation. The Orthodox Church is also heretical as well as schismatical, and the Anglican Church is schismatical, as well as heretical. Schism means a division, a refusal to obey the Supreme Head of the Church; heresy means to hold religious opinions contrary to those taught by the Teaching Church, together with the Roman Pontiff. The Eastern Orthodox Church not only has severed its allegiance to the Pope, but also denies several of the dogmas of the Catholic Church. The Anglican Church also refuses obedience to the Pope, which is the test of true orthodoxy, besides denying some of the doctrines of the Church. It must be said, however, that the terms schismatic and heretical can be applied without reservation only to the churches themselves. Many of those who belong to these churches are in good faith.

PERSONAL REPLIES

To INTERESTED READER:—Consult your confessor.

To K. M.:—Choose a confessor, go to him regularly, and let him direct you.

To M. T., LOUISVILLE, KY.—It is forbidden parties to a mixed marriage by the Church to go through a marriage ceremony before a minister, and those Catholics who knowingly do so are excommunicated. But in the event of their sincere repentance it is possible to have the marriage validated before the Church, provided the non-Catholic is willing to make the usual guarantees. We advise you to see the chancellor or bishop of the diocese.

To R. W. A., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your devotion to the saint is perfectly orthodox. It is a doctrine of the Faith that the saints hear our prayers and intercede for us before God. The evidence of so many answered prayers is proof enough of the validity and efficacy of this devotion.

To E. G. K.—We do not know of any Catholic book which imparts the information in a manner suited to the young. It is the office of a mother to give this information in a discreet manner when the occasions arise.

To W. McG.—Such a marriage is forbidden by the Church.

To B. J. M.—As your mother.

To J. F. E.—A valid marriage which has not been consummated can be dissolved by the pope if proof can be furnished that the parties did not live together.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

I prayed to St. Jude and promised to spread devotion to him if a certain disease would be stopped in our town. Thanks to St. Jude, there was not another case.—E. B., LEBANON, KY.

A little over a year ago I got an infection in my finger. It quickly spread to my forearm. An operation was performed and three drain pipes put in, but the arm refused to drain, and the infection spread to within four inches of my shoulder. Had the infection reached my shoulder my arm would have been cut off. I offered prayers and a Mass in honor of St. Jude, and promised to spread devotion to him. My arm was saved, and I have perfect use of it. St. Jude has also obtained several other remarkable favors for my family. I wish others knew him better.—M. B., SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

I was out of work for five months. It seemed impossible to secure a position on account of the new age limit. I made two novenas to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Jude. At the close of the second novena I obtained a wonderful position.—E. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The following wish to make public acknowledgment of

their thanks to St. Jude: M. J. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. L. NEWTON FALLS, O.; J. H. F., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.; J. R. K., ROSELLE PARK, N. J.; R. A. G., ROSLINDALE, MASS.; C. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; M. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; A. G., MALDEN, MASS.; K. T. M., DORCHESTER, MASS.; A. C., ———; L. C. W., NEW YORK, N. Y.; O. E., MOUNTAIN VIEW, N. J.; M. J. J., ———; A. R., BRONX, N. Y.; A. O'O., WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.; R. E. B., WEST NEWTON, MASS.; R. A. D., STONEHAM, MASS.; T. J. K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.; M. J. C., ARLINGTON, MASS.; K. E. M., CORTLAND, N. Y.; A. C. R., W. PALM BEACH, FLA.; F. S., WATERTOWN, MASS.; J. R., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; N. N., BOSTON, MASS.; E. R., ANNAPOLIS, MD.

The following also wish to make public acknowledgment of their thanks to St. Jude:

H. S., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; M. B. J., ELMHURST, N. Y.; F. H., MASS.; E. L., SUMMIT, N. J.; J. C. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.; W. B., CINCINNATI, O.; T. R., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.; M. A. M., MASS.; G. E. B., NEW HAVEN, CONN.; N. N., BOSTON, MASS.; A. C. R., WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.; J. C., LAWRENCE, MASS.; M. K., WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.; M. E. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. B., SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.; A. F., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; J. Q., NORTH TARRYTOWN, N. Y.; W. T. A., LOUISVILLE, KY.; M. H., ST. JOSEPH, MO.; M. T. B., SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

Communications

A SUBSCRIBER'S COMMENTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The January issue of *THE SIGN*, page 336, has an item headed "Stadia or Studia," which ends thus: "it seems that a vast quantity of Catholic energy and Catholic money is being misplaced by our institutions of higher learning. How many Chinese missions could be built for the price of a modern stadium? Perhaps Chinese souls are not to be compared to American bodies." What an indictment! Is much attention given to souls today? Does God approve those stadia? Could not complaint be made of Catholic money being spent for big dinners and club houses, while the Catholic press, Catholic missions, Catholic charities get the crumbs? Christ said: "go and preach the gospel to all nations." He said nothing about stadia or club houses. America and all nations are in need of the Word of God, but it seems that that Divine Word receives the last consideration. Can the world be other than sinful under such conditions?

Allow a few of the communications in the same issue of *THE SIGN* to be stressed.

Mr. Ed. O'Malley has one which is headed: "A New Apostolate." His letter has an apostolic ring. That spiritual appeal should not fall on barren soil. Indeed, when will we Catholics begin to make America Catholic?

A "Shut In" makes an appeal for space in *THE SIGN* for her class of unfortunates who are compelled to spend their

days in bed or in their rooms. These poor creatures receive little attention in these hurly-burly days. May *THE SIGN* comply with this pathetic appeal.

Marie L. Lephay of Palisades Park, N. J., has a letter on "Saints and Animals," which is highly opportune. There is still much cruelty in this country to animals. Is this a sign of civilization? Some American ladies pride themselves in wearing skins and furs of animals. What did those animals suffer before they were robbed of their coats?

In your February issue is a stirring essay by Philip Johnson, headed "America's Starving Youth." (Not a Stone But Bread). That apostolic appeal should be read by every minister of the Gospel, every parent, every teacher, every editor, every lawyer, and every medical man. Stones have been hurled against our young men and young women, but are they cured by such treatment? What youth needs is Religion. Is much being done to impress upon their minds that there is an All-Seeing Eye which they cannot escape, and to Him they will have to render an account some day? If the Church were to win the good will of youth, nothing could resist their enthusiasm. Have we not a proof of this in the many youthful men and women who go to China to teach the Gospel and the youthful catechists in this country? Give Religion to young men and young women and then crime will end.

DENTON, TEXAS. (REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

FATHER MARK'S MISSION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I heard the story broadcast over WLWL on Saturday, January 25th, on the colored missions in the diocese of Raleigh, N. C. I was much impressed with the talk. No one who listened in could help admiring that brave old priest, Father Mark Moeslein, C.P., who, though over fifty years in the priesthood, and, naturally speaking, entitled to a life "of slipper'd ease," volunteered to devote the twilight of his life among the poor, neglected negroes of Washington, North Carolina. I respectfully suggest that Father Mark and his work be not forgotten by the readers of *THE SIGN*. Two years ago he celebrated the golden anniversary of his priesthood, under most unusual circumstances, as you brought out in your radio speech. Next April 6th will be the fifty-second year of his faithful and generous service in the vineyard of the Lord. What could be more proper than to console his old heart by sending him generous assistance towards the completion of his little school, which was mentioned in your talk? I for one will make a contribution towards the heroic work which Father Mark is doing in the South.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

P. J. O'BRIEN.

FATHER POWER'S GRAVE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

After reading the opinion of one Talcott Minor Banks as quoted in *THE SIGN*, it behooves me to let my feelings and observations find an outlet.

There are many people like Mr. Banks, who believe that the well known and much heralded twentieth century is a complete separation from the earlier centuries in every respect. For those who can see only as far as their physical senses will permit, this may be all seemingly very well and quite satisfying to their minds, but to an intelligent Christian, who not only studies and uses materialism, but also investigates the history of Christianity in its spiritual sense, as well as its temporal sense, the idea of modernism is quite unsatisfactory.

The Catholic Christian above all, born with light, should be able clearly to see the continual working of the Hand of God in all things great and small. At certain times and for His own good reasons God has evidenced His power and mercy in a very special manner; for example, the cures

at Lourdes, St. Ann de Beaupre, and other places. Why then, can't this present day's phenomena (the Malden cures) be the work of God?

If God made our bodies, He may repair or destroy or interfere in any way that He may so will. If Mr. Banks and others of his belief and opinion were to look upon ordinary things in nature in that right spirit the extraordinary things of supernatural origin would be more evident.

My main reason for this letter is because of what my eyes have been privileged to behold. I have witnessed four partial cures of paralysis at Father Power's grave. Three were little children; one a man of perhaps thirty years. All were sincere in their declaration of Divine aid. One lad of about fourteen or fifteen said to a reporter, who tried to discredit him: "I ought to know, because I couldn't walk unassisted by my cane, and now I can run"—which he did before my eyes.

Skeptics may say it was a case of mind over matter, or that the boy faked a cure, as has been said of many others, but medical opinion will be forthcoming on all claimed cures at the proper time. I will take the opportunity to offer for the consideration of those who are confirmed doubters of miraculous manifestation the account of a cure obtained through Father Power's intercession.

Miss Louisa Moody, of Dorchester, Mass., was carried to the shrine by friends in a machine. While being borne to the resting place of the Rev. Father Power she swooned, and after being taken back to her machine asked to be allowed to try and walk. She did walk for the first time in fourteen months, having been pronounced incurable from spinal arthritis. After a short time she walked to the chapel, removed a large body cast, and laid it on the altar steps. Her doctor, according to the press, declared her in perfect health, and said that her instantaneous cure was beyond explanation, as far as his medical knowledge was concerned.

I believe that this cure is a substantial reason for all Catholics to hope for the best of results in the Church investigation. Psychologists will have a hard time trying to explain this cure by the principle of mind over matter.

I for one am thankful for the faith which I possess. Its wonders are a constant source of thought and study for me. If, as Mr. Banks says, it is a European demonstration to evidence your trust in God by visiting places reputed to be of a holy character, then it is my opinion that we Catholics of America have inherited that European habit of public profession of our faith. At least the impression is warranted when one sees close to a million people practising publicly their belief and hope.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

T. P. H.

TRIAL MARRIAGES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I lose all patience when I hear people talk about trial marriage and experimental marriage, as if they are some great scientific discovery. Blah! If they care to attempt such things themselves, that is their own business, but why should they try and sell it to the younger generation? The first thing I have against such marriages is that they are not according to God's law, never were, and never will be. But for some people that's not enough. Secondly, they tend to make poor sports and cowards out of people, who otherwise would be stable and heroic in their journey through life, even if a few storms darken the sky. If you start out on a boat and a storm arises, you can't run back to shore. The elements usually see to it that you stay until the storm is over, and a real seaman would hoot at you for your cowardice, if you give up the ship before the journey is over and the sky clears again. Then why should a few fools be allowed to make contracts, such as a couple did recently? Only to get in the headlines, I'm sure.

What foundation has either the man or the woman to

build upon? Why save, plan, or build a home? Your mate may walk-out on you in two years, and the law will allow her to go. Suppose the wife of the couple who recently married under their own contract (not caring if marriages are made in Heaven by Our Divine Master of laws), should have a child (which seemed of so much concern, or maybe it was to have an excuse when excuses were needed), leaving the mother in bad health and not capable of earning her own living, if hubby doesn't care to stay, will the contract hold? If said contract holds, in a few years our taxes will be raised so that we can build institutions for invalids and semi-invalids. The old contract is best: "until death do us part." There are many wives keeping happy, and supporting invalid or sickly husbands, and vice versa. If the law allows couples to make contracts of marriage which can expire in two or three years, the young folks will be making eyes at one another's mates and asking in a whisper, "how much time have you to serve?"

ATLANTIC CITY, N. Y.

RUTH KEIRN.

REGARDING SHUT-INS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I was very much interested to read the letter from a shut-in in the January issue of THE SIGN. I also am a shut-in, and I would be happy to correspond with this person if she so desired. I am very much in sympathy with the lovely idea suggested, i. e., to give us a little space in your communication department. If you should desire at any time to give us this privilege, I have a typewriter and should be happy to be of any service. Would you please forward my address to N. N.?

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

MARGARET V. DUNN.

THE CALVARY GUILD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Will you kindly insert in your publication whenever convenient an introduction of the Calvary Guild?

"The Calvary Guild is an organization whose principal aim is to inculcate a great appreciation of the Holy Mass in the minds and hearts of Catholics, so that they will not only fulfill the precept of attending divine service on Sundays and holy days, but will also, of their own volition, assist at the holy sacrifice frequently, or even daily. In order to accomplish this objective, the Guild distributes gratis through the Priest and Religious leaflets on the Infinite Value of the Holy Mass. These may be obtained in English, German, Polish, French, Italian, and Spanish. The Guild headquarters are located at 1628 Hudson Avenue, Chicago, Ill."

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CALVARY GUILD.

A SUGGESTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

On page 348 of THE SIGN for January there is a letter from a lady who asks if a person, not in perfect health, would be accepted in a Religious Order. Your answer is that no Order would accept such a person, that is, you say that you do not know of any.

There is an Order which might consider the lady's wish even though she is not very robust. The Missionary Servants of the Holy Trinity, with headquarters at Holy Trinity P. O., Russell Co., Alabama, has taken ladies who have not been so very strong. I know of one lady who was totally blind when she was accepted and is doing great and good work for the Order, and I am sure bringing many graces and blessings on the work being done by the devoted members of this wonderful Order which is doing almost miraculous work for God's glory among the poor in the South and elsewhere.

If the lady will write to Rev. Thomas Judge, C.M., or to Rev. Mother Boniface, M.S.B.T., she will be given consideration, and if her health is not beyond help, I am sure she can find entrance among the Servants of the Most Holy Trinity.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

B. C. A.

CATHOLIC ACTION ON THE STREET CORNER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The letters of Edward O'Malley and of James Byrne on the subject of street preaching in America, by qualified laymen, make interesting reading. May the writer say a word in reference to this phase of Catholic propaganda, based upon considerable practical experience in America, and upon observation of the very effective work of the Catholic Evidence Guild in England.

The following points may be stressed: Firstly, that such activity must receive the approval, and come under the supervision of the Bishop in whose diocese it is undertaken. Then, the laymen who aspire must fit themselves by training for the task. This training entails sacrifice of time and energy for which no material reward is to be forthcoming. And, lastly, such laymen must be ready to face considerable misunderstanding and lack of encouragement from many Catholics who do not have a proper conception of the field of the laity in this matter. May I remind your contributors that the training necessary involves quite a little more than is suggested by one of the letters in THE SIGN. A layman who is not properly equipped for such an important work upon the highways and byways can very easily do more harm than good to the Catholic cause. For the canonical aspects of the matter the writer would refer your readers to the article, "Catholic Action on the Street Corner," from his pen published in *America*, March 16, 1929.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

SAINT PATRICIA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to call attention to an answer published in the November issue of THE SIGN POST, in which it was stated that "as far as we know there is no saint named Patricia."

I respectfully submit to you the following, taken from "A Biographical Dictionary of the Saints," by the Rt. Rev. F. G. Holweck, Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

St. Patricia was a virgin. Born at Constantinople, she was related to the imperial house of Constantine II (641-648). To escape marriage she made a pilgrimage to Rome, where she took the veil. After the death of her parents she sold her possessions and started back to Rome. She died on the way, near Naples, on the 25th of August, and was buried in the church of SS. Nicander and Marcianus. In 1549 her relics were exhumed. Her blood is preserved in two vials, like the blood of St. Januarius. It liquifies under certain conditions. Her feast day is on August 25th.

There were two other saints by the name of Patricia. The first, the wife of St. Macedonius, was martyred at Nicomedia, on the 13th of March. The second, the wife of St. Theophilus, was martyred at Fayum, Egypt, on the 16th of October.

I was not the party who asked the question in your November issue, but being personally interested in knowing whether or not there is a St. Patricia (being the god-father of one Patricia), I made a thorough search for some information about this saint, and I feel sure that the above will be of interest to you.

UNION CITY, N. J.

J. C. M.

BIRTH CONTROL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Dr. McDonald is to be congratulated for his remarks in the January number of THE SIGN, referring to the drivel of Prof. Hankins of Smith College on the subject of birth control.

Nothing is more true than the saying: "When a man behaves inordinately he invents a philosophy to cover his actions." Prof. Hankins may now believe what he preaches, but he most certainly knows nothing of history when he tells his girl students that this (birth control) is a new movement necessary to the life plan of Western civilization. Honest students of history, observing the decline and fall of nations, from the time of the third and fourth Egyptian dynasty, which is as far as written records go, give the causes for the disintegration of nations as—decline of family morality, political greed, extremes of democracy, class hatred, and indifference to religion. Birth control was the chief factor in the first of these dynasties. The sage, Opuwer, in 3,000 B. C., spoke of it in his admonitions—"Khnum complaineth because of his weariness," and he foretold that the feeble upper classes would be stripped and the laws of the judgment hall thrown into the streets.

Birth control was brought to Rome from the East and from Egypt. There was none of it in the old Republic that kept the family as a sacred unit, and has as part of the marriage ceremony the binding words—"ibi tu Caius, ibi ego Caii." It came with the total emancipation of women from close family ties in the Empire among the upper and wealthy classes. It was at its zenith when Juvenal wrote his Sixth Satire in 115 A.D., and he prophesied what actually did happen a little later, namely, that the upper classes would be enfeebled and the rabble would overthrow society. Here are some lines from the Satire, written 1,800 years ago. It almost seems as if they were written for us today:

Yet these (the poor and ignorant) the pangs of child-birth undergo,

And all the yearnings of a mother know;

These, urged by want, assume the nurse's care,

And learn to raise the children that they bear.

Those (the educated and rich) shun both toil and danger, for though sped,

The wealthy dame is seldom brought to bed;

Such the dire power of drugs, and such the skill,

They boast to cause childbirth at will!

From hence your Flavians, hence your Salians come,

Your Scauri, Chiefs, and Magistrates of Rome!

Fate stands tittering by, in playful mood,

And smiles, complacent, on the sprawling brood.

But well if this be all: more fatal power,

More terrible effects the dose may have,

And force you (Rome) like Caligula, to rave,

When his Caesonia squeezed into the bowl

The dire excrescence of the new-dropped foal:

Then uproar rose. The universal chain

Of order snapped, and anarchy's wild reign

Came on apace, as if the Queen of Heaven

Had fired the Thunderer, and to madness driven.

In other words, nature provides a sure answer to birth control in the ultimate eradication of the families and of the nations that practise it. Let Prof. Hankins practise birth control, and there will be no men of that name in the future United States. Fate will "stand tittering by" and see the nation ruled by the children of those who followed "contemptuous ecclesiastical prohibitions." Actually, isn't it taking place before our eyes today?

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

GEO. S. BRADY.

Christ and the Profiteers

A COMMENTARY ON THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE

By REGINALD GINNS, O.P.

THE cleansing of the temple by Our Lord described by all four evangelists presents many problems, exegetical, moral and historical. Some reject the whole story as a fabrication, laughing at the idea that the money-changers and other trades in the temple would have so meekly borne the insult with hardly a protest. And of those who accept the story at its face value many are in difficulties because St. John put it at the beginning of Our Lord's ministry while the other three Gospels put it at the end, that is, just before the Passion. Hence it is said that either St. John or the other evangelists have changed the chronological order, some saying the former, others the latter. Finally, there are still others who say that both St. John and the other evangelists are right, because there were two cleansings of the temple, one at the beginning, the other at the end of our Lord's public life. But many raise strong objections to this on account of what they call its extreme unlikelihood.

It is not our intention here to discuss this exegetical problem, or to give the arguments for and against a double or a single cleansing of the Temple. Our purpose is simply to present certain historical data which throw light on the circumstances contemporary with the life of Christ, especially in relation to his attitude towards the buyers and sellers in the temple. These historical data will enable everyone to solve the problem for himself, not only with regard to the genuineness of the incident but also with regard to the likelihood of a repetition of the incident.

One of the recurring stumbling blocks in every form of religion, true or false, is the connection of religion with the question of wealth. Not all are persuaded of the truth that we cannot serve God and Mammon, in spite of the verdict of history. It is here also that the enemies of religion always find their chief weapon for its destruction. The difficulty, of course, has its roots in human nature. For every reasonable form of religion demands public worship, and public worship demands

places of worship and recognized officials of religion, call them priests, ministers or what you will. Hence the practice of setting aside certain places and certain men for the public worship of the divinity is practically universal. These men and places are given a sacred character; that is, they are separated from the ordinary course of human affairs. The consequence is that there generally falls on the devotees of religion the task of supporting both the place and the official of the worship. And as, in course of time, the place of worship grows in splendour owing to the devotion of the faithful in their desire to dedicate the best to their god, so it not infrequently happens that the religious official tends to increase in wealth, sometimes innocently, sometimes through imposition on the faithful. Avarice is said to be one of the great vices to which religious officials are prone.

Generally the tenets of any well organized religion lay down strict rules for the support of temple and priest by the faithful. Of this the Hebrew law is an example, and the Law of Moses had a divine sanction. Thus the worshipper in the temple was bidden not to appear before the Lord empty-handed, and there was a precise set of laws ordaining what sacrifices, tithes and oblations he should offer. Further, it was exactly defined how these offerings were to be allotted, some to be burnt wholly on the altar of sacrifice, others to be partially burnt and partially distributed to the priests and ministers for their livelihood, and so forth. Besides the offerings in kind there was a capitation tax of half a shekel in money to be paid yearly by every male Jew of age. This was the temple tribute imposed for the upkeep of the building and support of the ministers to which reference is made in the gospel (Matt. xvii).

The half shekel was a coin equivalent to two pence of that time, and as a penny was considered to be equal to the value of a day's wage for a laborer, we may estimate the half

shekel as equivalent in purchasing power to ten shillings of our coinage. This was not a mere voluntary offering, and any omission of payment was liable to be followed by the seizure of one's goods in reparation. As it was a sacred tax, the priests demanded that it should be paid in sacred money, that is, in coinage of Jewish issue. Now this was a law which caused much labor and exchange. In the first place there was no unified coinage in circulation in the Palestine of Christ. Trade was carried on by means of Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Persian, and Phoenician coinage as well as by the money issued under the Maccabean dynasty of the previous centuries. Further, at the feast of the Pasch, which was the appointed time for the payment of the tax, Jerusalem was a gathering place for foreign Jews from every quarter of the Roman Empire. Indeed, Josephus tries our credulity by saying that in the time of Nero nearly three million people had collected in the Holy City for the Pasch (War, VI, 9, 3.). However that may be, the foreign pilgrims would arrive laden with purses of foreign money which it would be sometimes necessary, sometimes desirable, to change into the coinage current in Palestine. Hence one of the sights of the land during the few weeks preceding the feast of the Pasch was the appearance of the Jewish money-changers with their stalls up and down the country. As the feast drew near and the people began to flock towards Jerusalem, the stalls were transferred to the Holy City in the wake of the pilgrims.

We are not to suppose that the office of money-changer (banker, we should call him nowadays) was any more of a benevolent institution then than it is now. There was a rate of exchange, and a pretty high one. According to some, the Jewish changer charged seven per cent.; others say it reached as much as fourteen per cent., or about three shillings in the pound. Supposing two million persons paid the tax, the bankers' profit in the latter case would amount to about \$85,000 even of the

currency of that time, which was worth ten times our modern currency. And doubtless there were many other pickings, such as exchanging money on a larger scale for foreign pilgrims. They, like the modern pilgrims at Lourdes or Rome, would require to lay out much money in the needs of worship. There were sacrifices to be offered, meat and drink offerings to be made, things to be bought for the people at home; and doubtless many of them would prefer to bargain with money that was in common use in the city. Hence the feast of the Pasch in Jerusalem would have been a money-changer's paradise.

IF ONE knows the East and its way of conducting business, he can imagine the noisy haggling and bargaining that must have taken place around the money-changers' stalls. If, further, he be familiar with modern places of pilgrimage there will be no need to remind him how the traders who live on the pilgrims bring their wares nearer and nearer until they penetrate almost into the sanctuary itself. It is in human nature. Therefore we are not to be surprised when we find the money-changers setting up their stalls in the very precincts of the temple, that is in the courtyard upon which the main gates of the temple opened and from which one entered the courts surrounding the altar. Of course it was done on the pretence that it was for the convenience of the worshippers.

Had this been all it would have been more than enough; but there was another abuse which must have turned the sacred place into a veritable pandemonium. Once the pilgrim had escaped from the clutches of the banker with the remnants of his money, he was ready to set about the performance of the duties he owed to the temple, his tax to be paid, sacrifices and oblations to be bought and offered, in particular the paschal lamb to be chosen, bought and offered to the priests to be sacrificially slain. It was easier to buy your sacrificial offerings on the spot than to bring them from a distance; but, of course, it would be dearer. Then, as now, it was found that the price tends to mount very high when a thing is wanted for religious purposes. Then, as now, advantage was taken of a man's religious fervor which makes him disinclined to haggle about costs when it is a plain

question of giving something to God.

If a worshipper brought his sacrificial offerings with him from home or bought them in the city, it was necessary to get them passed as unblemished and fit for sacrifice according to the laws regulating sacrifices. For this there were specially appointed and qualified ministers in the temple. Many a man was deceived by the dealer into buying an animal that was afterwards rejected by the official examiner! Perhaps it was to avoid this pitfall that a market of already certified animals had been set up near the temple, and in course of time within the temple enclosure. There was opportunity here for a little speculation and profit on the part of the ministers of the temple. Certainly they would never have allowed secular persons to set up a cattle market on temple property in this manner.

Imagine, then, the scene that greeted the devout worshipper as he entered the Court of the Gentiles—sheep, oxen and pigeons herded together, while the haggling of buyers and sellers mingled with the cries of the animals and the chink of money at the stalls of the money-changers. Perhaps there was some attempt by the authorities at fixing the prices of the victims, but the Jewish writings utter complaints against the injustice practised in the selling of the animals. One instance is given of the price of pigeons reaching as much as fifteen shillings a pair, on the plea, we suppose, of a scarcity in the market. Popular outcry and the intervention of authority brought the price down the same evening to fourpence; and even that is outrageous when measured in modern currency, fourpence being equivalent to about the price of four days' work of a laborer. Here, as always, it was the poor who suffered; for according to the law those who were unable to purchase a more expensive victim, could offer pigeons. Thus Our Lady offered a pair of doves at her purification, though the proper sacrifice was a lamb and a dove.

Bitter complaints are made from time to time against the great high-priestly families for their extortions and avarice. It was these who controlled the temple. The Talmud records the curse of one ancient Rabbi against the high-priestly families, "their sons the treasurer, their sons-in-law the assistant-treasurers, their servants who beat the people with

sticks." (Jesus the Messiah, Eder-sheim, Vol. I, p. 372). Some idea of the enormous wealth they controlled may be gathered from the fact that when Crassus, the contemporary of Julius Caesar, spoiled the temple treasury he carried off coin to the value of \$12,500,000. And with rich Jews of the Dispersion continually bestowing gifts on the temple their wealth was ever on the increase. But among these families, that of the High Priest Annas comes in for special execration because of its rapine and avarice. On one occasion the people rose up and broke up a market under their control, which seems likely to have been the temple cattle-market spoken of above. All this serves to show that there was a good deal of strong feeling among the people of the time.

It will be remembered that the family of Annas was in such power at the time of Our Lord's death that He was led off first from Gethsemane to Annas, though the supreme High Priest at the time was Caiaphas. But it was all in the family, for Caiaphas was son-in-law to Annas.

A consideration of all these details throws great light on the circumstances leading up to the passion and death of Our Lord. By His preaching He had come into conflict with the Pharisees. But when He came to Jerusalem and began actions such as the cleansing of the temple, He fell foul of the great priestly families which were the chief support of the Sadducean party. Well might St. Luke say in the Acts that the Sadducees, priests though they might be, believed neither in angels, spirits nor a future life. They were gross materialists, like the money-lovers. As Josephus says so pointedly, "the Sadducees are able to persuade none but the rich, and have not the populace obsequious to them" (Antiquities, XIII, 10, 6). Indeed high priests, such as those of the family of Annas, were little more than ecclesiastical financiers. There was some point, then, in Our Lord's condemnation: "You have turned my house into a den of thieves." And the high-priests saw the point and did not want it labored too much in the presence of the crowd, who had long suffered at the hands of the thieves.

AS NOTED, the populace was none too patient with its ecclesiastical superiors in the ranks of the high priesthood. "They had not the popu-

lace obsequious to them." Nor is it likely that the people looked with favor on the lackeys of the high priests among the sellers of sacrificial victims and the money-changers, who certainly would be under the control of the temple authorities. For, if it had pleased the high priests to abolish the law demanding the payment of the tribute in sacred coin, then the money-changers would have lost a great source of gain. Therefore, even from a human point of view, Our Lord had the crowd with Him in His attack on the profiteers. Indeed, at the cleansing of the temple He only did what the people did for themselves a few years later, when they raided and destroyed the Market of the sons of Annas because of its extortionate profiteering. And though the Gospels say nothing of any volunteers from the mob on the occasion of Christ's cleansing of the temple, that can easily be imagined.

It is easy to understand why there was little show of opposition at the moment on the part of traders and high priests. As for the lower priests then performing their ministrations in the temple, they were mostly peasants up from the country, and we can well imagine on which side their sympathies would be. None of the excess profit would find its way into their pockets. On the contrary, we have it on the authority of Josephus that the high priests even robbed the lower priests of their due share of the revenues, and some of them even died of starvation. A special sinner in this respect, he says, was the high priest Ananias, or Annas, who robbed the lower priests by violence. Of him he says, "he increased in glory every day, and this to a great degree . . . for he was a great procurer of money. He therefore cultivated the friendship of Albinus (the Procurator of Judea) by making him presents." (Antiquities, XX, 9. 2.) We cannot help wondering whether bribery is not the best explanation of Pilate's unwilling condemnation of Our Lord. An enormous bribe would be a cheap way of getting rid of Him, for the whole position of the high priests evidently depended on His destruction. So conscious were they of the strong feeling of the populace against them and in favor of anyone who attacked their greedy injustice that they had to resort to secrecy and disgraceful methods in order to get Our Lord

into their power; for "they feared the people," as St. Luke tells us.

Naturally they stood alone in defense of their ill-gotten gains. The Pharisees could hardly take sides in this matter with the high-priestly section of the Sadducean party. Indeed the Rabbis are loudest in their denunciations of the evil. "Go hence, ye sons of Levi! Ye defile the temple of the Lord," says the Talmud. The lower priesthood had everything to gain from the overthrow of the power of the high priests. The ordinary lay-folk were the chief sufferers from the abuse. Besides, there must have been in every one of these classes great numbers of devout and God-fearing men to whom this desecration of the temple was a crying scandal. Remember that St. Luke tells us that many Pharisees, "a multitude of priests," and thousands of ordinary Jews accepted the faith at the preaching of the Apostles after the Resurrection. We must not take too seriously the favorite theme of

preachers that the same people who cried "Hosanna" on Palm Sunday shouted "Crucify" on Good Friday. The crowd at Jerusalem during the Pasch amounted to more than a million people, and no one can manipulate a mob of a million. Those alone in the pay of the high priests would have filled the public squares. Thousands must have been in ignorance of what was afoot in the process against Jesus.

All contemporary evidence, therefore, bears out the truth of the Gospel story of the cleansing of the temple, and in the face of this evidence we personally should be ready to defend the likelihood that it happened twice or even thrice during the ministry of Our Lord if the Gospels contained a three-fold account of the incident. Christ had nearly everyone in sympathy with Him in His attack on that materialistic and money-grubbing priesthood, which was worshipping Mammon even in the sanctuary of the most high God.

Symbols

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

I NEVER see a thorny tree
Showing its leaves of flaming red,
But that I see the cruel crown
Men pressed upon His blessed head.

I never hear the ring of steel
But that each hammer's blow repeat
That awful sound when sharpened nails
Went through His patient hands and feet.

And when the lightning's sudden gold
Swiftly the pallid clouds divide,
I see again the Roman spear
Plunged in His throbbing, willing side.

And as the night falls swift and dark
From the high tower of the sky,
It always brings that awful hour
Broken by His last bitter cry. . . .
"Eli . . . lama . . . Sabacthani!"

The Woman Who Held On

AN AMERICAN ENTERS BUSINESS IN ROME

By ROBERT PETROCK

WOMEN! Women are generally odd. They will do things nobody expects of them and if you look astounded, they stare back and marvel at your wonderment. I tell you, the safest thing to do is to take them for granted. Anyway, I have found it so. 'Specially with her.

Apologies, but I won't mention her real name. But her Christian name was Mary and nothing would go better with that sweet oval face and golden head and grey eyes and a mouth which looked so truthful that, having once seen it, you would have been ashamed to let another lie pass your own lips. That was Mary all over and a little more than that.

Well, for about twenty years I had sat in my little shop in Via Margutta and when you deal in antiques and your mother was an Irishwoman and your father a Neapolitan, you just can't help learning a lot about folks. Antiques bring tears and joy and amazement and envy in their wake. They develop your sense of seeing and touching. They teach you subtleties, and, mark this well, they don't rob you of the sense of wonder. Yes, and hardly ever do they make you a millionaire, unless you're lucky to spot something nobody had ever heard about before. But luck is a rare quality in this business.

There she was, on my doorstep, one sunny May morning. Her bag, her blue tailor-made, her pale yellow hat, all spelt wealth and I pushed out a few pieces of jade across the counter, but she gestured them aside.

"I have come to ask your advice, Signor," she said very civilly. "May I have a word with you?"

Now it happened right in the height of the season and I had an assistant I could not rely on, but her grey eyes urged and her queerly truthful mouth urged, too. And there was something else, I could not lay my finger on. So, instead of muttering how busy I was and all that sort of thing, there I stood, ushering her tall slim figure into the backroom and me without an idea as to where she hailed from.

And in less than five minutes there

I sat, almost out of my wits what with bewilderment and all the rest of it.

She had the whole story at her very finger tips. Gave the details quickly, and yet unhurriedly. Spoke in the voice which at once made you label her as a woman of quality. And, also, of pluck.

To this day I've no idea why she should have come to me. Commonly speaking, I ought to have been the last person to give her the advice she begged. She, an utter stranger in Rome, twenty-two, no father or mother (she did mention a rusty ex-guardian in New York), just a little capital to play about with and an ambition to start an antique shop of her own.

"I can't begin on a big scale of course," she said, "you see, I know nothing about antiques."

"Then why?" I stammered, but she interrupted in that soothing unhurried manner of hers.

"I shall tell my reasons, M. Lucci,—it might sound as a joke, but it is not really. There's someone"—and roses went all over her cheeks—"who was set on having an antique business, but, owing to circumstances—I need not go into them—had to give it up. I want to do it instead, without anyone knowing at first, and when it is put into really going order, I'll find a way to hand the business to"—she kept on blushing—"to the person in question. I haven't thought of the way yet, but it'll come presently, only—" and she spread her hands out in such a way you just knew you hadn't it in you to refuse her anything — "I'm like a child at this game and I've heard a lot about you. You're straight and genuine and you know all there is to be known about this business, and, you see, it'd be no good my starting all on my own. I might end in a bankruptcy court or worse."

Now, mind, I am not sitting here to paint you a picture of myself, but I've got to tell you all this, else you might wonder why she should have come to me at all, but, of course,

her words were just so much nonsense.

"Well," I said, "since you have come here and told me this much, you might just as well bring it to a finish. Why didn't you think of making a start at home, in New York, for example? Here you'll find an antique shop at every corner, as it were, and there's more throat cutting than in any other Christian country, for here antiques are cheap to get and hard to be rid of at any profit, unless you strike a great picture sale and this comes about as often . . ."

I checked myself, for I could see that my words were sending sheer waves of pallor into her face.

"Oh, I know," she said steadily, "and yet I must make good and it must be in the antique line."

I did not want to press her for details, but I had to say that I didn't see the point at all. I pre-faced this by mentioning, as though casually, that if I could see my way to help her at all, I would do it.

AND then she unbuttoned her gloves and became frank.

Well, I hadn't then as much as set my eyes on the fellow, but I reckon that, at that time at least, he ought to have been the luckiest man on earth. You see, it came about in this way. He had had a lot of money left him by a cranky old uncle, and the condition was that the youngster should go and make good in this particular business. The boy liked the idea all right at first, and it worked for a year or two and just at that time he met Mary and they got engaged, which I didn't greatly wonder at. But all the money the lad possessed came from the business and then, suddenly, things went altogether wrong. Both the business and himself. Now don't misconstrue my words. The boy did not go to the dogs, but a bus went over him.

"And what about him now?" I naturally asked, when she paused, her fingers tugging away at a glove.

"Oh, he is getting on all right," she answered levelly, "but, you see, he has next to no income and he says—he says that it isn't right—I mean

—about our mutual promises, you understand, and of course I know he's wrong, but when a man makes up his mind, what are you to do? He just says it wouldn't be decent for us to get married and for him to live on my money, because this is what it amounts to. He's just got enough to last him a year or two."

I frowned a little.

"He might get a job or something."

And her reminder was quite gentle.

"Not for a long time, though! You see, that accident was really a very bad one."

I COULDN'T for the life of me understand where those precious antiques came in and I said so.

"Ah, but you see," she spoke eagerly, "this is the only thing Reggie does know something about and once I have started, it might be possible to work it so he could take over the management. It wouldn't be exactly like taking money from me, would it?"

I agreed that it would not.

"But why Italy?" I insisted. Quickly she checked off several points.

She had no one to turn to in America, while she had heard a lot about me. The young man was to be kept in the dark until things did begin shaping themselves in real earnest. And, lastly, the American climate, so she feared, might eventually prove undesirable for Reggie.

"And, with luck, I might come to open a branch at Naples and another somewhere in Sicily," she said quite confidently.

Well, I might tell you that I shook hands with her before she left the backroom and I spent the day in figuring things out. Of course, I knew I'd just do whatever she asked me to.

It proved an uphill business, starting her in Rome. You see, she wasn't supposed to be doing it on her own. Another Lucci shop opened in Via della Ripetta and some of my old clients wondered and kept on asking me questions, but I knew how to answer them. When people like that girl trust you, you just know you'd be ashamed to look at God's sun again if you turned them down.

We had a regular agreement drawn up, of course, and all the rest of it. Mary's business-sense wasn't quite poor, her inexperience considered. I gave the name and became sort of a smokescreen manager. The money

was hers and when I saw her at work, I began wondering if I hadn't gone lazy all my well-filled days.

For antiques don't float into your shop for the asking. They mean search, days and weeks and sometimes months of it. They mean effort piled upon effort and, very frequently, bitter disappointment. And, mind you, all this even when you start with some knowledge about them. And Mary didn't know a thing when she began. It was uphill work for her all right.

Advice? Of course, I gave plenty, but mere advice wouldn't have carried her very far. Grit and pluck and patience did, though. She went into museums and libraries, she studied private collections, she sped to auction sales, she travelled to Milan and to Naples, further down South and further up North. At the end of six months she didn't quite develop a passionate love for antiques, but she knew where she stood more or less.

You ask whether that second branch in the Via della Ripetta damaged my trade here? Well, to tell you the bald truth, I never gave it a thought. It may have done occasionally, but if you can't end your life without doing a bit for someone else, there seems precious little sense in having begun it at all.

Yes, she worked like ten slaves, Mary did. Nervous so often, hampered by her continuous anxiety about the man in America, afraid lest any of her own friends from home might chance across and spot her game.

"You see, it might just spoil everything if he gets to know about it too early," she would say to me. "You must understand! He's a man! He'd just hate to know I am working for him."

I quite agreed with her, but I had to point out to her that sooner or later, he would have to be told.

"But he need never know," her grey eyes flashed determination. "That manager's job shan't come from me, but from you, Signor Lucci. He must never know."

And there you had her.

I knew she kept on writing to him regularly. You see, she never as much as imagined that the promise he had wanted to release her from could be broken. She still wore that tiny emerald ring. And wrote him easy, amusing letters from wherever she chanced to be.

"He knows I am travelling," she says. "He urged me to go abroad."

So the first months passed. And the shop in the Via Ripetta got a firm footing and things began shaping themselves as I had never imagined they would. Were you to meet Mary today she might tell you my fitfully given advice had done the trick. And nothing would be further from the truth. It wasn't luck either. Nor her determination to win through. Something far greater than these.

Nowadays they talk of love in such easy terms. Well, I am not so old fashioned as to turn my back on all things modern, but I'll say this much. Deep, true love makes you catch your breath for the sheer wonder of it and you just can't find any fit words to describe it.

That was the love Mary had. And it found its way into all she did. See her, do you, risking all her money on that venture (I wasn't blind to its madness at the beginning!), working her health and her brains almost to death, denying herself any rest for months and months, and all because so far as she could see there was no other way to bring happiness to this man of hers? And she, a girl, whose life had been easy and sheltered, might have been just danced off, leisured off, for the money she had.

And, on top of this, not a word about it to the convalescing man in America. Just letting him think she was travelling, as befitted a young lady of moneyed ease! Well! Well!

I could check the days when she heard from him. Then her grey eyes would well-nigh become golden for the light that shone in them and she danced rather than walked about the place.

"He is getting better and better, Signor Lucci," she would say. "And, do you know, he's actually left off talking about breaking off the engagement. I don't quite know. . . . He might be thinking of something else, but you're sure he won't have to wait long till he hears from you?"

And I would do a little mental reckoning and reassure her that things were going on as well as they possibly could.

GRADUALLY we made our plans. Mary would stay in Italy for another six months and then go back to New York. There she said she could broach an old aunt of Reggie's and lay the scheme before her.

"That old aunt is such a dear,"

Mary said. "She'll play the game all right. I know she will be going abroad this year and I'll ask her to get in touch with you. Of course, I'll have to tell her everything from start to finish, but her sense of honor is stupendous. She'll speak to you of Reggie and, of course, you'll mention this when you write to him. Nothing will be easier."

"And supposing he were to decline my offer?" I asked.

Mary's eyes twinkled.

"Don't forget I shall be there when he gets your letter," she reminded me, and suddenly became graver:

"Are you quite, quite sure there'll be enough for us both to live on?" she knitted her eyebrows, "You'll see I'll have to come out of it and—"

"Yes, but, virtually speaking, I'll be the owner," I replied, "and I'll see to things going right."

She just squeezed my hand hard and ran away to catch her train to Milan. She was hoping to get through a big *cloisonne* deal over there.

Well, and here I come to the point when telling becomes harder. It happened after she got back from Milan. According to the plans we had made, she was due to start for America in a couple of months. And, suddenly, Reggie stopped writing.

SUDDENLY. Didn't drop off gradually, missing now one mail, now another, but stopped altogether! And I am afraid Mary's heart might have stopped beating during those days if she just hadn't whipped herself into holding on.

She wired once. Wired a second time. No reply came to either telegram. I used to go over to the Via della Ripetta in the mornings and every day she met me, her grey eyes darker and darker, her mouth taut with the tension in her.

"He may have had a collapse," I would say, "you never know. Folks are apt to have them after accidents."

But Mary's eyes would not lighten.

"If it were just that," she gestured, "I shouldn't worry so much. But, there's something else. Padre Lucci, I just feel there's something else."

You see, by this time there had grown real friendship between us, so there was nothing unnatural in her letting me know all about it. Not that I could do a thing to help her

through those long days of suspense.

It did not last long, however.

One evening, three weeks after she'd heard from Reggie last, Mary came to Via Margutta.

"Padre Lucci," she spoke in such a tired voice, "I think there's nothing else for me to do but to wire to his aunt. She'll answer me all right. I can't go on. I must know what is the matter."

"Now, Miss Mary," and may God forgive me if I did speak firmly, "you used to show plenty of grit and courage when, after all said and done, things were going more or less swimmingly, but, now that something seems to have gone wrong, all the more reason why you should hold on."

Never will I forget the look she gave me, as she murmured, "you are right, Padre Lucci. I must hold on. I shall hold on."

And then she hurried off out of the shop.

The next day I happened to find my hands so full, what with one thing and another, that I couldn't get across to Via della Ripetta till after dinner. And as I stepped into the cool dim shop, I saw Mary standing against the wall. I couldn't quite see her face at first.

"Had you an answer from his aunt?" I asked quickly.

And then she moved out of the shadows and her face left little room for any guessing.

"No, Padre Lucci," her very voice sounding well-nigh wooden, "I did not wire. There's no need to—now."

She handed me a letter and as I read it, a customer or two walked into the shop. And while reading that bombshell of a letter, I heard Mary's voice, explaining calmly, levelly, some point or other about Florentine tapestries. The voice rang steady. Her hands, busy with strips of red brocade never trembled. She knew how to hold on, all right.

When I finished reading, I made no comment. What was there for me to say? When a woman's heart is broken, you can't mend it with empty verbiage. But when a woman's strength is menaced, you must think of something to do. So I moved to the door, not trusting myself to look at her face.

"I am going to send my assistant over here from Margutta," and I did not turn my head as I spoke, "and when he comes, you'll step across, won't you?"

"I will," she said and added very

calmly; "don't worry, Padre Lucci. I'll hold on all right. I know I just have to."

Of course, ten minutes later, safe in my back room, Mary just buried her face in those untrembling hands of hers and sobbed her heart out. I didn't blame her for this. She wouldn't have been human if she had kept back those tears. And I didn't tell her to stop either.

WHAT man in America . . . It's seldom I have passed harsh judgment on anyone, but, really, here was the sheer limit. His convalescence had now been over for some months. And he wrote saying that in the meantime he had managed to get trained as an accountant and got a berth with some shipping company in New York, that, while training, he had met a young girl clerk and—married her.

"As you well know," he wrote, "I did release you from the promise you had given me. I shall never be a rich man and I couldn't live on your money. All of mine is gone and I could never hope to make a fresh start. So will you please forget all about me. You'll realize yourself later on, it's all for the best." And so on, and so on.

Well, my blood was pretty near to the boiling point when I as much as thought of the letter. And, of course, it would have been no use telling Mary that the man wasn't good enough for her. No woman worth the salt she puts on her plate likes to hear that. So I just waited for her to cry her heart out.

And at last she raised her eyes at me.

Didn't I tell you her eyes were grey, flecked through and through with tiny golden dots? But as I saw them that day, they were just grey, grey and lifelessly so. Just as though her tears had washed all the gold out.

"My dear, my dear," I said awkwardly and then my lips locked into silence.

"I suppose, I suppose," she began wearily and then checked herself, "you must think me a fool, Padre Lucci, but it is like having all sun swept out of your life and this on a May day in Italy."

"Yes," I muttered, "it must be like that, if not worse. And I don't think you're a fool at all. But you must hold on, harder than ever."

Then her lips writhed into some-

thing as far removed from a smile as a storm is from sunshine and this was so pitiful I just had to turn my eyes away.

"Yes, Padre Lucci," she murmured, not at all brokenly, "I'll hold on, I promise."

THIS kind of thing happens to some women and they—rich with the work they had chosen for themselves, and after the first bitter ache is over—they just bury themselves in their work, if there is any worth in them. But Mary, mind you, had not even that to fall back upon. For the work she'd thrown herself into body and mind and soul had been started for the selfsame purpose which was now shattered. All her brave efforts, her whole achievement, now lost their color, as it were. The business she'd built up so selflessly had become an empty mockery.

And here I am wrong. It would have become so if Mary had let herself go. She did not.

She merely held on. Went about her ways, tense of lip and grave of eye, apparently all absorbed in the work which, humanly speaking, might have torn her heart into shreds. When I tried to suggest a holiday, she merely shrugged.

"Don't give me contradictory advice, Padre Lucci. You said I must hold on. I couldn't do it unless I worked harder than ever. It's the only thing left; don't you see it?"

Of course, I saw it, but at times I wondered how Mary would get through.

For you just could not help her with those threadbare words about the healing properties of time and such like. A wound is a wound and a scar is a scar, you say. Well, it is so in the bodily sense, not otherwise. And, watching Mary through the months which followed, I knew that the wound had never become a scar. Because she went on working harder and harder. In a year they referred to her judgment as that of an expert and where before she had ventured dreaming of local branches, she now had one in Paris and hoped to start another in London. But not in New York. Somehow we didn't discuss America much in those days.

Yet she would break through her reticence now and again. There was the time when the old aunt died and Mary brought the *Times* to Via Margutta.

"I suppose there is a chance of her

having left something to Reggie." she did not even wince at the name, but I made no reply.

And then once again, over a lovely pair of candlesticks of jade-green glass from Murano.

"It used to be his favorite color, you know. And the ring he had given me, do you remember it, was an emerald," and she would glance at the ringless finger without as much as a tremor in her voice.

But the mouth, which looked so sincere that seeing it you knew you'd be ashamed of letting another lie pass your own lips, cried its persistent silent pain at you. The quiet grey eyes looked just grey, all gold swept out of them. Yet Mary held on.

And at the end of three years she walked into my place.

"Padre Lucci, do you think I have now earned a holiday? There's that London branch I've been thinking about."

"But this'll be no holiday." I protested. "You'll work there all the time, Miss Mary. You—"

But she raised one hand.

"I've taken your advice all these years," she reminded me, "but I'll rebel this once. I must keep on. Is there anything else left, tell me?" and the grey unlit eyes searched my own.

"It's three and a half years ago," I muttered, "and—"

She shook her head.

"It's just the same today as it was then. The funny way I'm made, I suppose. Nothing but hard work for me. Padre Lucci, don't you think it is sheer waste of energy trying to forget something," she bit her lips, "something unforgettable."

Now I can't tell you why, but, since we were so near this topic, almost discussing it, in fact, I ventured to ask her:

"And, today, after all that had happened, you still—"

"Yes, Padre Lucci," she answered steadily. "Still! You see, I didn't love him for what he was or what he did, but just because he—was he. This can't change, can it? And, if you like, it was more for his sake than mine that I have held on."

"What do you mean?" I just gasped.

"Had I gone under or to pieces or something, there would have been plenty of people to blame him," she explained and started discussing her trip to London.

Well, I could not quite gauge Mary

on this point. Oh, I knew she was all sincerity so far as this went, but I just could not understand it. If a woman had ever broken my heart, I'd have remembered her all right, but bitterly so.

As she turned to go a woman came into the shop and no sooner had she seen Mary than she ran towards her, both hands outstretched.

"My dear, my dear, after all these years."

Tall she was, middle-aged, weather-beaten, tweed-clad, a tourist all over. But I liked her clear blue eyes and deeply tanned face. And I liked that gladly welcoming voice still more. I had so often urged Mary to pick up some old threads and she always refused.

"And here's a chance encounter with an old friend. All to the good," I rubbed my hands.

And Mary looked at the tall woman and the grave mouth broke into a smile.

"Alice of all people," and quickly she turned back to me, "but I must introduce you. Alice, this is Signor Lucci who'd done more for me than I could say. Padre Lucci, this is Mrs. Bryant. Reginald's sister, you know."

The tall woman smiled at me.

"What a delightful place," she looked round her and the words weren't mere words either. "I must come and buy something here, Signor Lucci! But, Mary, how wonderful to run across you, that is, if you don't, don't—"

"But why should I mind?" asked Mary quietly. "And Alice, Signor Lucci knows it all. However, I'd like to show you my place."

Well, in less than a second both were gone, but some intuition, or what do you call it, told me as plainly as possible that, presently, the tall woman would return, and alone. Intuition it was. No, I'm not quite accurate. She gave me rather an eloquent look before leaving the shop. Mary, being a little ahead of her, saw nothing.

IN AN hour, the woman, who I ought to have been Mary's sister-in-law, did come back and alone. A sensible person was that Mrs. Bryant and preliminaries were not to her liking.

"Mary told me all you have done for her," she began quietly. "So we needn't go into that."

"There's nothing to go into," I

muttered, for this sort of thing, spoken in such a sincere voice makes you wish you had really done something worth singing about, but she paid no heed to my interruption.

"So I know all about this," she went on, "but, like Mary, I'm coming to you for advice. You see, my brother is on his way to Rome."

"Miss Mary hopes to go to London next Tuesday," I replied casually. "So there'll be no risk of a meeting."

"My brother is on his way to Rome," she repeated. "And he is coming alone."

I said nothing.

"You see," she explained gently, "he did what he ought never to have done, but he hadn't the time to regret it."

"It was three and a half years ago," I replied stubbornly.

"Yes," there sat a very patient woman, "but his—that poor girl died within three months after the wedding."

She waited for me to say something, but I held my peace.

"And the circumstances have altered, where my brother is concerned," she went on levelly. "You see, an aunt of ours died some time ago."

Here I had to break in, though at the time I was not quite sure whether Mary would ever forgive me for it.

"Does Miss Mary know he is coming?"

She shook her head.

"Well, I know there are some circumstances which are just the same," I said boldly.

And the woman understood, God bless her! It would have been awkward for me to mention things told me by Mary.

"I've always have known it would be like that," she rose. "Signor Lucci, do you think you could ask Mary to delay her trip, for a little while?"

No, I wouldn't promise that and I said so, but I told her I'd try and pave the way, carefully and I proved myself the clumsiest fool that ever was.

PAVE the way! Why I blurted it all out within five seconds as soon as I saw Mary that evening and ended it by saying! "Miss Mary, it isn't for me—I mean—I can have no say in the matter, but, you will remain in Rome, won't you?"

"I don't know"—the hands which lay in her lap would not keep steady,

but something began dancing in the big grey eyes—"I don't know, Padre Lucci. No, no, I am just the same, but Alice isn't the person to vouch for him. Three years and he did not write once. No, Padre Lucci, I believe it might be better for me to go on Tuesday next."

"But, but," I stammered, "you said, you said you still—"

"And so I do," she said, "and always shall, and if I were to see him, it'd be just the same, so far as I am concerned, but, Padre Lucci, what about him? You can't tell, Alice can't tell. And," she steadied her voice, but it couldn't hide the effort in her, "and I would be the happiest woman in the world if I could tell—"

So she left me and did not cancel her berth.

I hoped the tall woman from America would not come again, for I had nothing to say to her. And Mary baffled me. You see, after all these years she had kept things up, kept her love for the man notwithstanding the hurt he had dealt her, and now, when by a sheer miracle, things looked as though they might turn roseate at any moment, she was as good as running away. Didn't I tell you at the beginning all women have an odd corner tucked away somewhere in them, and no ordinary understanding can ever cope with that corner?

So you will appreciate the fact that when on the following Monday a very tall man limped into the shop in Via Margutta, I was utterly at a loss as to what to do or say. So much so that today I couldn't tell you a single detail about him. His man-

ner was civil enough but I couldn't help being just a little grumpy. He hadn't been with Mary through those first months.

FOR five minutes or so I went on temporizing . . . I decided to keep my counsel about the premises in the Via della Ripetta, and at the same time I couldn't very well send him away — without giving him a single clue.

But Mary's coming in took all out of my hands. You see, she walked into the shop and he was sitting with his back to the door. His sticks were just by him.

He snatched at them as soon as he heard her steps and was on his feet before I had had the time to slip into the back room. So I did see Mary's eyes for quite a second; wonder there was in them and golden flecks and not an iota of the memories tucked away into those three and a half years. I knew that from a mere look at his face she could tell the thing neither his sister nor I could conjecture about. All women, who love like Mary did, have that queer gift of divining things.

For quite twenty minutes I busied myself in the back room, unearthing and polishing a Venetian goblet of jade-green glass. And when, at last, hearing her voice call me, I came out, Mary, her grey eyes goldenlit, seized the goblet and held on to it with her hands eagerly, hungrily, just as though that trifling gift meant so much to her no words could express her thanks.

But ah, there you had a woman who could hold on—like anything.

Messenger

By WHITELAW SAUNDERS

THEY pitied her, so old and frail
And bent above her quilting frames,
For she must know the County House
And poverty's cold flames.

She touched a piece of rose-sprigged cloth
And gave to it a faded stare,
Then smiled: "If He is sending me
Perhaps I'm needed there."

It Is The Law

THAT THE SONS OF MEN MUST SUFFER

By BURTON CONFREY

THE SEASON of Lent is appropriate for meditation on the fact that real Christians must suffer with Christ; it may, therefore, be stimulating to see how a student on college level makes such a meditation. Our Pamphlet Rack carried a brochure "Words of Consolation for the Suffering and Afflicted" (published by the Benedictine Convent, Clyde, Missouri), whose first statement aroused this youth's antagonism. "I cannot see," he complained, "how suffering and sickness are always a proof of God's love. This pamphlet quotes St. Paul's 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth'; but I simply cannot see it."

"Are you willing to investigate the matter—to hold off decision until I gather evidence on the side of the case you cannot see? If so, suppose you make such a search and submit the results as a term paper."

The change in attitude on the student's part was so stimulating that we shared it. He read the pamphlet, checking the ideas that caught his attention—those which aroused in him reactions which impressed on his consciousness the lessons learned by others in the school of pain and suffering. He jotted down immediately the thoughts which came, and later amplified them from other sources. While lack of space prevents the inclusion of all that he gathered, we can winnow the most pertinent and offer it without comment. For the remainder of the article the youth is speaking.

If Our Lord revealed to St. Gertrude that tribulations are a sign of predestination, then Jesus must love me, for the cross of trials and misunderstandings has been with me even from cradle days in one way or another. It does, of course, make the cross lighter to realize that it was placed on my shoulders by One Who loves me and wishes to make me dear to His Heart. Thomas à Kempis helped me on this point:

"Try first what thou canst bear hereafter. If now a little suffering makes thee so impatient, what will hell do then? Behold, assuredly, both

joys thou canst not have—to delight thyself here in this world, and afterwards to reign with Christ. . . .

"There is no health of soul nor eternal life but in the cross. Take up therefore thy cross and follow Jesus, and thou shalt go into life everlasting. Dispose and order all things as thou wilt, and as seems best to thee, and thou shalt find something to suffer either willingly or unwillingly; and so thou shalt always find the cross. If thou fling away one cross, without doubt thou wilt find another and a heavier. The whole life of Christ was a martyrdom, and dost thou seek for thyself rest and joy?"

OLGA FERRONNAYS helps, too. "The unnumbered sorrows which those around you complain of are blows from the merciful Hand which strikes to purify and to reward. How joyful to think that the least moments of suffering are followed by an eternity of happiness. . . . I do not like pain, but I can understand that we must suffer. When the head is sick, the whole body suffers; and Jesus Christ is our head. Every day I make a bouquet of my sufferings and offer them to God." Canon Sheehan (Parerga, p. 29ff.) Ephesians (3: 12-21), Father McSorley (*Be of Good Heart*, p. 90ff.), and St. Francis de Sales ("If you are caught in the net of tribulation, do not look at your sorrow; look at God, and leave all to Him") make me consider the fact that since we have no difficulty in conforming to God's will and thanking Him when we are fortunate, when we need courage and confidence, when we feel helpless and frustrated and thoroughly depressed, we should seek solace in our Divine Friend—He alone is constant. After all the essential thing is how we bear our crosses (epitomized in a leaflet published by the Magnificat Press, Manchester, New Hampshire):

I asked for grace to lift me high
Above this old world's care;
God sent me sorrow—and I thought
He had not heard my prayer!
I asked for light, that I might see
The pitfalls on the road;
But darkness overshadowed me
And heavy was the load.
I asked for peace, that I might rest
With Him and know content;
He sent me combat, till my life
With weariness was spent.
All these He sent me, teaching me
Through every pain and loss,
The answer to His questioning
Is how I bear my cross.

ST. TERESA of Avila has a sense of humor most effective in giving my point of view. The Benedictine pamphlet records the story of a severe trial under which, at first, she found it difficult to be resigned. Our Lord, however, appeared to her and said: "Thus do I treat my friends." To which the Saint replied: "Ah, dear Lord, I am not surprised you have so few," although later she wrote to one of her subjects: "I have become convinced that God often repays His friends' services with sufferings." This does seem to the human heart a poor reward for the tedious hours and long vigils of fidelity; but to the soul who truly loves God, it means a chance for gaining greater glory in heaven and thus being able to love God more. He wants us to have the best heaven can give; hence He gives us the privilege of working for it.

Under "Practice" a leaflet of the League of the Sacred Heart suggests, in discussing happiness in suffering, that ills of mind and of body are simply unavoidable. "The Christian is armed with an effective remedy in the reflection that they are presents from a kind Father and when patiently borne work a precious weight of glory." In this connection Huysmans' *St. Lydwine of Schiedam* held me fascinated, as did a pamphlet on the Blessed Catherine Emerich (Benedictine Convent), Father Walter Elliott's "Mystery of Suffering" (Paulist pamphlet), "The Problem of Pain," *Catholic Mind*, Vol. 26, No. 5, March 9, 1928, a biography of Henrietta Brey, Sylvio Pellico's

My Prisons (My Bookcase Series), and Father Remler's "Why Must I Suffer" (Vincentian Press, St. Louis). In many ways Father Dudley Owen's *Shadow on the Earth* presented the matter most appealingly.

Psalm 125 ("They that sow in tears shall reap in joy") does not suggest our searching out suffering for suffering's sake; it puts me on the alert to see the value of frustrations of my will. When through no fault of mine my plans go awry, it is stupid to fret about the matter. Joseph, whose brethren seemed to have thwarted him effectually, found what he sought in prison, in a dungeon. "Sufferings borne patiently bring health to the soul," for it would seem that earthly pains are the necessary preparation for the reception of God's graces. They put our souls in the right dispositions to use the grace or merit which Jesus is about to confer; hence one may say that the more he suffers physically and mentally the more frequently he can expect big favors from God.

RUMEAU feels that we must suffer, because without suffering pure love will not live here below. "Blessed Bernadetta made of her entire being a chalice that she might consecrate it to God." Can love then be capacity for pain? John R. Moreland raises such a question (*Catholic World*, 126: 793, March, 1928). Christ bore the pain of Calvary to achieve Paradise for us; His atonement explains personality—identification with His Spirit. Cardinal Newman's sermon on "The Mental Sufferings of Our Lord" and various gems from the *Imitation Of Christ* suggest that one can best understand that spirit, one best achieves a lively consciousness of the Passion of Our Lord, through suffering (even only imaginatively) in a similar way. We recall Beethoven's inability to realize the enthusiasm his symphonies and other creations aroused except by turning from the piano to see it. Did the exclusion of external sound (surely a great cross for a musician and composer) expand his inner comprehension? Certainly Beethoven seemed to understand the compensation, for he did give us immortal music and we never meet in him irreverence toward God and things of the spirit. Milton's blindness affords further illustration.

Theophane Venard felt that his soul was strengthened by suffering

and that as a result of his wounds he had greater vigor, firmness, and courage. Our trials and sufferings are, then, necessary in order to purify our souls, for when our hearts are free of earthly attachments or ambitions Jesus is able to claim us as his own and will flood our hearts with special graces. Suffering makes Jesus love us because we resemble Him crucified. Pere Plus feels (*In Christ Jesus*, p. 62) that "The suffering of the cross should bring home to us the price of supernatural life, our restoration to which must cost so dearly. The sufferings of our crucified Lord and His Mother give us encouragement in our difficulties. At certain moments of our lives, if we did not have their example we should be in the depths of despair."

I must get a crucifix for my room so that His example will be ever before me. I must carry a crucifix with me; and since it can be indulged with the Stations of the Cross, when it is impossible for me to get to church I can make the Way of the Cross anyway. Daily I must meditate on that journey; daily I must offer my works, prayers, and sufferings to the Sacred Heart, if I am to live confidently, joyously, effectively. I must not let the tiniest duties pass without securing the merit of them. Every moment of the day can be made an act of love of God if I offer it to Him as such. It would be shortsighted to allow little things to keep me from receiving graces from God. Everything must be done for Jesus. In the Foreword of *Victims of Love* Benedict Williamson synthesizes what I wish to learn: "The longer we live the more we realize how the wonderful love of Jesus for us is manifested chiefly in the crosses and sufferings He sends us. . . . Suffering becomes sweet and welcome, and we find a joy in it that we find in nothing else. How gently and tenderly He takes away from us each thing that might in any way have bound us to earth and hindered our freedom of spirit. . . . Of course there are moments of acute anguish when the blow falls from an unlooked-for source—at an unforeseen moment; and the soul feels overwhelmed, but only momentarily. She immediately recovers herself and feels deep within a sweet joy, a holy gladness, a welling up of gratitude to the Savior Who Himself has let fall the blow."

From the standpoint of reparation, the story of the artist who, in a "De-

position from the Cross," painted Nicodemus in his own likeness should be pointed for me. "God knows that in years past I drove many a cruel nail into the hands and feet of my Savior by my hideous and countless sins. Is it not time I began to pluck out those nails before I die? Every time I practice virtuous self-restraint, keep the Commandments, overcome temptation, and endure the afflictions which befall me, I draw out nails." Moreover trials and sufferings are essential to my progression; and, as Abbe Huvelin has advised, it is better to let others make me suffer than that I should cause them pain.

When speakers and writers say that humanity is contemptible and life a trivial misery, if my imagination has been sufficiently schooled in Christ's sufferings I shall not be affected; rather I shall but see more of the sublime in every life I come in contact with. Robert Hugh Benson's *Initiation* suggests the depth of life possible for one who lives deeply, even though suffering vicariously.

Those who dissipate in order to forget dull care have not realized Christ's teaching in the Sermon on the Mount. Whether through Nirvana or drunkenness or what-not, such forgetfulness of the trials of daily living is sterile. "Paradise Lost" (IV: 711ff.) reveals how joyless, how pitiful, any attempt at winning the Crown without the Cross may be. Passive endurance of tribulation is better than oblivion. The person who does not get excited under stress of circumstances does not necessarily lack depth. The Old Testament stories of Jacob's resignation to God's choice for him (his father's blessing him, thinking he was Esau; his marrying Leah, thinking she was Rachel) is worth pondering.

Now priceless must our souls be in the eyes of Jesus! If He could die for each of us alone, He would have done so if it could mean our salvation. Little do I realize what a sacrifice Jesus makes to help my soul onward toward sanctification. If I remembered surely I would try harder to do what He wishes. I know that nothing we can do amounts to anything unless it is enriched by His presence. All I do, even the most insignificant, must be done for Him and in union with Him; thereby the whole day will be an act of love, and I will grow to be more like Him.

Anita Goes Riding

"YOU GIT ALONG AND FETCH THE PADRE."

By JAMES B. YELANTS

THE sound of quiet sobbing came from a darkened corner of the room. Sometimes it would stop for awhile and then break out again as though the woman was trying to control herself and failing. In the silence that followed these efforts at repression a man's heavy breathing and incoherent mutterings could be heard. The heat was stifling. A ray of light which came through a crack in the shutter seemed to burn a hole in the floor.

Presently the figure in the corner rose and crossed to the bed on which the man tossed. Her naked feet moved noiselessly so that the sufferer did not observe her till she had reached his side and placed her hand on his fevered forehead. Rising and glaring at her, he let out a stream of oaths which made her shrink back to her corner.

Buck Mason was certainly a sick man; a child could tell that. 'Nita was not much more than a child, but she knew that her man was fighting with death. That incessant tossing, his raving when he lapsed into unconsciousness, the fierce burning of his eyes told her that. Two days she had watched him now, waiting for the change which did not come, waiting for someone to turn up with whom she might share the terrible responsibility. Pedro, the peon who served the sick *ranchero* in varied capacities, had gone away a week ago on some errand across the Rio Grande and would not be back for another week. "Ah, if he should die!" she moaned to herself, and repeated the cry again and again. One caught the accent of an unnamed fear.

Unnamed that fear might be, but she knew well enough why she dreaded this man's death, for then there would be no one to protect her against Jacinto, and he would come and take her away, as he had often threatened to do, and make her live with him. The half-breed had once terrorized her into making a sort of promise to do so, but that was before Buck claimed her. The American had torn her, as it were, out of Jacinto's grasp, a deed never forgiven him. But for his fear of the

ranchero, her former lover even now would oblige her to return or, failing that, shoot her. Yes, he had declared he would have her—dead or alive. And now her defender was at the point of death.

After her fashion, she loved Buck. Was he not strong and handsome? Had he not made her presents of which any girl would be proud? He gave her a good time, praising what he called her Spanish beauty, and swearing he would keep her with him for ever and ever. Life with him had been something different to the existence she had led in that crowded adobe hut before he took her. It looked as though all this was to be lost. No wonder she sobbed.

Towards evening he got a trifle easier. His mind was clearer. After lying a long time in silence, he called her to his side.

"I reckon I'll be passing in my checks pretty soon, girl," he said in a voice quite different to that in which he had previously addressed her. "I ain't long for this world by the feel of things. An' I've been thinking I ain't fit to go."

He paused for breath, and then went on, "You've been a good girl, 'Nita, an' I kin trust you to do what I want now. 'Taint much."

By way of answer she stooped and kissed his forehead.

"You goin' to get well, Buck," she said in her broken English. "You get well mighty quick. That please me most."

"I ain't takin' no chances," he replied. "You saddle up the mule and get along into San' Marie an' fetch Father Marique. Tell him I wantta clear up accounts with the Church before I quit."

"San' Marie?" she asked with a quick breath.

"Sure. That's where he hangs out."

"The Padre? Oh!" The exclamation was involuntary.

"You ain't afraid?"

"No-o-o!" hesitatingly.

For all that, 'Nita was very definitely afraid. This Padre had

visited the rancho once before. She hadn't been clear as to what had happened then, but she knew that the priest had tried to get Buck to send her off. Something about the Church forbidding him to live with her that way, she gathered, had been said. If Father Marique came again he would induce Buck, whether he survived this fever or no, to give her up, and that would be worse than his dying. And then San' Marie! The name made her heart stand still. Why, that was where Jacinto lived. If the half-breed met her, what then?

The sick man saw the doubt in her eyes and mistook it for unwillingness to take so long a journey by herself and at night.

"Maybe it's the last thing you'll hev to do for me," he pleaded.

"What good priest?" she argued. "You good man, Buck."

It was plain that the talk was exhausting him. He gave a shrug of impatience. "There's diff'rent ways of reck'ning goodness," he said. "Yours and the Church's ain't the same. You git along and fetch the Padre."

SHE turned, her soul in turmoil. She was conscious of a will stronger than her own. Even if it bade her destroy her own happiness, she must obey.

Fortunately it was a moonlight night. After the heat of the day a cooling wind had sprung up. It made a pleasant sound in the long dry grass of the mesa. For all that and despite the beauty of the night, she rode as one doomed. She had once seen a man led out to be shot, and her own situation reminded her of him. She felt as though she were going to her execution.

It was beginning to brighten in the east when she came to where the trail forks, one branch going on to San' Marie, the other leading to Quibo. It was at Quibo her people lived. There it was that stood the crowded adobe hut in which her rather squalid childhood had been passed. At the moment it appeared anything but squalid. She forgot its poverty, the incessant squabbling of the large family of brothers and sis-

ters, the drudgery in the fields by which she had helped to support them. The place took on the aspect of a refuge. There at least she would be safe for awhile. But the vision of Buck, haggard and unshaven, rose before her eyes. She saw again the pleading look with which he had said, "Fetch the priest." The strong, self-willed Buck who bent her to his own desires she had feared as a master, but this Buck, wasted with fever and helplessly dependent on her, she loved. She had not known how much she loved him till now. Too inexperienced to reason about it, she had taken their relationship as a matter of course, scarcely stopping to ask herself what he was to her. Hitherto she had viewed his possible decease from the standpoint of self-interest. But at those cross-roads love came to birth in her bosom. She knew that he was dearer than anything on earth, dearer far than herself, that she would do anything she could to please him, to make him happy for one moment, even though what she did had no meaning for her. This new-born love welled up; it flooded her, making the danger she was incurring sweet because it was for his sake.

HAVING the trail to Quibo behind her, she rode forward, taking her life in her hands.

San' Marie consists of one long, straggling street. Midway in it is a square on one side of which stands the church. By the side of the church is a house with high-walled garden. It was here that Father Marique lived. 'Nita caught sight of the square tower which brings the church into view before the traveler sees the town itself, and made her mule hurry. Day was breaking and before long the populace would be stirring. Already there were a few peons on their way to the fields. But the sun was already above the horizon before the mule's hoofs clattered on the cobbles, the beginning of which marked the outskirts. A passer-by might have noticed that this girl-rider, as she entered the town, glanced down at the sheathed knife at her side.

Passers-by there were in increasing numbers, for San' Marie was early awake, making up for this virtue by a long siesta later in the day. Among these was a man of stockish build and a heavy scowl on his ugly, half-breed features. He was leisure-

ly crossing the road when he caught sight of the rider. Recognition flashed in his eyes and he stood still awaiting her approach.

"Anita!" he cried as she came within hearing distance. The next moment he had sprung at her bridle, but the girl was too quick for him and leapt from the saddle, running like a young deer in the direction of the church. At first it looked as though she had escaped the man, for he made no attempt at pursuit. But the crack of a six-shooter and a sharp twinge in her shoulder undeceived her. There were only a few steps now to the door of the priest's house. 'Nita never knew how she covered these, nor had she any recollection of flinging herself at the door or of ramming at it with her fists, and it was not until afterwards that she learned that another bullet splintered the woodwork an inch from her head. When next she became conscious Father Marique was bending over her, his wizened old face eloquent of sympathy.

The wound proved to be less serious than had at first seemed the case. Careful dressing made it possible for 'Nita to accompany the ecclesiastic to the ranch. They found Buck sitting up. The crisis was over.

'Nita had escaped one danger; Jacinto's bullets had missed her. But the second obstacle to her happiness was still to be overcome. Would the Padre again insist on her going away? He and Buck were closeted together, and on the outcome of this secret conference she knew that her fate hung. Had she been able to overhear it, she might have found comfort. At least she would have learned that nothing was missed out in the priest's account of the dangers she had run to convey the sick man's message. She would have heard her-

self described as "a brave woman," and, little as she might have understood the phrase, she would have been informed that she had risked her life to bring Buck "spiritual consolation." But also she would have heard how strongly the Church condemned such a relationship as that between her and the ranchero. No bravery, no self-sacrifice, she would have found, could atone for its wrongness. There could be no Absolution given, the penitent was told, unless she were at once sent off or—

"Or what?" asked Buck, eagerness in his eyes.

"You might marry her," said the priest.

A few minutes later she was called into the room. Buck took her in his arms, patted her head and kissed her.

"You no send me away," she panted, sobbing.

"Sure I wont," was the answer, "unless you want to go."

She smiled through her tears at that. But there was perplexity in the smile as well as joy. She turned to Father Marique. "You let me stay?" she asked prettily.

"On one condition," he replied.

Ah, she had counted too soon on her happiness. She might have known the Church would never relent.

"If Mr. Mason will marry you," she heard.

SO THAT was it! Why did they tease her in this way? It was cruel, heartless. If only they knew how she loved this man. It would be death to be torn from him now.

"Ah!" It was something like a wail of despair.

And then, to her utter amazement she felt Buck's arms creeping round her and heard his voice whispering in her ear, "'Nita! You will marry me, won't you?"

What Price Love

By LILLIAN G. BALDWIN

A THORN-CROWNED head, a pierced heart,
A soul sin-crushed and rent apart
By love denied, by friends untrue,
By taunts and gibes the long night through.
And tortured, anguished, hanging there
Upon the Cross, 'twas Thine to bear
That agony, all else above—
The thirst for souls—the thirst for love.

The Church Today in Norway

CATHOLICISM IN A STRONGHOLD OF LUTHERANISM

By VERONICA LORENTZEN

THE Scandinavian countries, and not least of them Norway, have long remained strongholds of Lutheranism. That is, in outward appearance, for the Norwegian State Church counts among its members an unusually large proportion of formal adherents, people who are baptized and "confirmed" in the Lutheran State Church, but who remain for the rest of their lives totally indifferent in religious matters, never attending church services, or otherwise manifesting any interest whatsoever.

This general apathy has now begun to react on the State Church in a marked degree. Methodists and other Free Church sects have steadily increased their influence and numbers, and have drawn over a large proportion of members, who are recruited from the same classes as in England, namely from among prosperous tradesmen and the best section of the working class population.

Catholicism, on the other hand, here as elsewhere, makes her primary appeal to the intellectual section of the community, but as the first movement broadens and deepens, she sweeps with her people of all ranks and conditions.

The first establishment of the Catholic Church in Norway was made in 1856, in Oslo, then Christiania, under the patronage of St. Olaf, the saint who brought Christianity to the heathen Norsemen. Since then churches and chapels have sprung up in the larger towns throughout the country, and Norway numbers at present nineteen Catholic churches and twenty chapels.

The Church of St. Olaf in Oslo, which is also the seat of the bishopric, is quite an imposing building, standing high on a mound in a central position in the city. Here is also situated the residence of the bishop and priests, and the Catholic hospital of "Vor Frue." In Bergen, the second largest town in Norway, the Catholic Church, whose patron saint is St. Paul, is also centrally situated and here is likewise the priests' residence, and the Catholic hospital of St. Francis. I have also visited Catholic churches in some of the

smaller towns, as for example in Drammen, where the building must almost be characterized as a wooden chapel, built in the style of the country. All of Norwegian churches and chapels, although often simple in style and with no pretensions to architecture, give a very pleasing impression of being essentially clean and well cared for. The candles and altar-linen are artistically arranged, and even though we are so far north, there is never any dearth of beautiful flowers. Even in the heart of the bitterest winter I have seen the altars of my own parish church of Bergen glowing with tulips of all shades, and at Christmas time they have the beautiful custom of decorating the high altar with two large Christmas trees. I have seldom seen any more touching, or more appropriate altar decoration than these two graceful pine-trees soaring aloft and forming a beautiful dark green background for the lights of the altar, and filling the church with the sweet scent of pine needles.

But let us return to dryer statistical facts. In Norway there are 2,600 Catholics out of an entire population of some two and a half millions. Our churches and chapels are served by 18 secular priests, four of whom are Norwegians and the remainder mainly Dutch and German, and by 14 priests belonging to Religious Orders, all of whom are foreigners. It is here of interest to note that the establishment, of comparatively recent date, of a French Dominican mission in Oslo has been attended with great success.

Great credit must also be given to the 18 Catholic hospitals which are established in Norway. From personal experience I can say that scarcely anything brings the Catholic Faith so intimately into contact with people as the work of these good nuns. I feel sure that it is many times during an illness that the first seeds of reflection are sown, and it is not only the patient, but all who come into contact with the hospital, relatives and visitors and the many

others, who see the splendid order and management of the Catholic hospitals here in Norway, who are thus influenced for good. Here I would once more like to bring Bergen to the fore, not but that I feel sure equally good work is being carried out by the nuns in the other large towns, but as a resident of this city I have naturally had more opportunity of studying local conditions.

The congregation of nuns here, of the Order of St. Francis Xavier, came originally from Luxemburg, and commenced their activities some 35 years ago in a small private house. They were chiefly engaged in private nursing. After some years of self-sacrificing and entirely successful work they were recalled to Luxemburg and the Bishop of Norway, then Monsignor Fallige, founded a special diocesan congregation for Norway with the Mother-house in Bergen, now known as the Norwegian Congregation of St. Francis Xavier. The date of this foundation was March 19, 1901. A hospital was then built on the same plot of ground as the church. Here they receive patients for surgical treatment for diseases of the ear, nose and throat. Some time ago—a matter of some four years or so—they acquired a beautiful modern residence which they converted into an ophthalmic hospital. They have also established a home for the care of the aged. Some two months ago they purchased a magnificent property situated in a commanding position on the outskirts of the town. Here it is their intention in the course of a few years to build a large hospital equipped with every modern device. Meanwhile the existing hospital is being temporarily converted into a hospital for the further extension of their work.

THIS little summary may give some idea of the devotion shown by these good nuns, who in the course of a comparatively short period of years have so greatly extended their activities. Needless to say, we have a counterpart in the never-tiring energy of our good priests.

The first members of the Catholic Church in Norway were largely drawn from families of mixed nationality. A German mother, a French father, Irish descent, have been the seeds from which the first small beginnings have sprung. But the Church has now been established so long that we have reached the third and are almost on the verge of the fourth generation, where foreign influence is practically obliterated, and this coincides in a remarkable way with a new period in the history of the Church in Norway, marked by a striking number of conversions among the adult population.

ONE of the most noticeable of these conversions has been that of Sigrid Undset, the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1928.

Sigrid Undset is a monumental figure in modern Scandinavian literature, and her deep sincerity has won the respect of all denominations. Her series of historical novels of recent years are saga-like in their immensity, and are considered to reproduce an historically truthful picture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The daughter of a professor in archaeology, Sigrid Undset has from her earliest years been steeped in an atmosphere of historical research. But, not only do her novels give an accurate account of the customs, dress and so forth of that time. She has also succeeded in conjuring up the simple faith of the Middle Ages. One of the most beautiful passages in "Kristin Lavransdatter" is a description of a pilgrimage made by Kristin to Nidaros Abbey, the Trondhjem Cathedral of the present day. This pilgrimage was undertaken as an act of penance, and Sigrid Undset's description of Kristin's spiritual experience, carrying her first-born son with her on this journey of reparation, is extremely beautiful. These novels have a marked nationalist tendency, and recount the events, wars, feuds, politics and kingships of those days—in fact, the history of Norway at a time when Catholicism was the faith of the whole of Norway, and of Scandinavia in general. Here we come to the kernel of Sigrid Undset's influence. Once Norway realizes that Catholicism is not a foreign importation, but a faith which has been intimately bound up with Norway, in one of her most prosperous periods, much will be won.

Norwegians are intensely national

in their feelings. Therefore, before any real progress can be made, they must be made to realize that a return to Catholicism will mean, as it has done in England, a return to the "Faith of their Fathers."

It is of interest here to note one of the results of this growing nationalist tendency, namely the restoration of Trondhjem Cathedral. This has been marked by a violent controversy and is still the subject of lengthy discussions in the press. This work is, however, now nearing its completion, and 1930 is to see the official re-opening.

Norway is not rich in architectural monuments, still less in cathedrals, and the abbey church of Trondhjem represents the "pearl" among her possessions of this nature, so that it is with undoubted feelings of satisfaction that the whole nation has watched this work of restoration. These feelings are, however, among Catholics naturally tinged with deep regret, a fact which Sigrid Undset openly voiced in the public prints some time ago. This abbey, a relic of Catholic times, would provide an exquisite setting for the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, but it is felt even by a large section of non-Catholics that the Lutheran ritual will seem quite out of place here after this restoration, the whole work of which has been based on the idea of preserving the original characteristics of the building. One cannot but feel it to be highly illogical to ignore the source of inspiration which created this beautiful church, namely the simple faith of the Middle Ages.

When her size and population are taken into account, Norway may be said to be one of the best educated nations in Europe, and Norwegians have a very real and cultured appreciation of all kinds of art, not least of music, and here is a point where I feel the Catholic Church should make a very deep appeal. It is curious to note that recently several hymns which are an integral part of the liturgy of the Catholic Church have been brought into use in the Lutheran State Church, not actually in their services perhaps, but rendered by their choirs on semi-public occasions, at concerts and so forth, where they have been regarded as marvellous works of art. The *Te Deum* and a form of Vespers have in this way been revived. Surely this denotes a very strong desire

for a more liturgical form of service.

It seems to me that once the existing prejudices, which have their root largely in ignorance and falsehood, are cleared away, Norway will present a rich and promising harvest field.

It has been said that the average Norwegian is not of a deeply religious nature. I think this is only true in so far as it applies to any modern nation. It is a tendency of the times to ignore Almighty God or, at any rate, to grant Him only a secondary position in our lives. Modern life, with its harassing competition, its struggle for many, merely to live, and its unceasing hurry, leaves many of us but a sorry portion to devote to religion. But this increasing strain of modern life is in itself the very factor that reacts in favor of all religion. There are times when we crave the inward quiet and outward peace which are only to be acquired through a definite confession of faith.

This applies as much in Norway as anywhere in our modern democratic world. People turn from the pressure of life seeking God, and where can one better lay down the burden of our modern civilization than within the arms of Mother Church?

WE FEW Catholics in this northern land see the tremendous need for a great extension of the Catholic Faith. It needs to be better and more widely known, to be brought nearer to the homes and hearts, and above all to the souls and intellects of the people, and, seeing this need, we turn our eyes westward to America, where the Church enjoys such prosperity. Surely America, with its existing wealth of Religious Orders, has some great part to play in the ultimate conversion of Norway?

To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life, misery, or death.—LAMARTINE.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity himself, than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother-knave than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest man than with both.—COLTON.

When the Church Comes into Its Own

THE REAL MILLENNIUM WILL BE BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE FISHERMAN

UPTON SINCLAIR's novel, *The Millennium*, adopts a well-worn device in order to point a Socialistic moral. The incidents related are supposed to have taken place in the year 2000, and the scene is laid in New York. Capitalism at that date is represented as having reached its climax. The world is in the hands of a few financiers who, while living in most extravagant luxury themselves, hold the rest of mankind in servile subjection. At the opening of the story this handful of multi-millionaires are met for the opening of a vast Pleasure Palace erected on the site of Central Park. But news comes of revolt on the part of their slaves. An explosive has been discovered capable of blowing mankind to smithereens and threats reach them that it is to be used to exterminate the race including their august selves. Panic-stricken, they escape in an aeroplane. The explosion takes place and they return to a depopulated earth.

Here their impotence under the altered circumstances makes itself felt. No longer have they a horde of servants to wait upon them. They cannot cook; they cannot even light a fire. The wealth of the civilization they had possessed is around them but, because they are parasites unused to helping themselves in emergencies, it is useless. In this crisis the drunken butler who had accompanied them on their flight and the engineer who had been in control of the aeroplane acquire a new importance. The mechanical skill of the latter and the domestic efficiency of the former give them the upper hand; the servants are now the masters. For a good part of the story, Tuttle, the aforesaid butler, is in command of the situation and imposes his will autocratically on his cringing companions, bullying them to his heart's content. In this section of the narrative there is plenty of fun. Sinclair utilizes to the full the irony of the position, and has no difficulty in showing us the advantage given by a little practical experience.

It is, I have said, a well-worn device. Many years ago, Sir James

By CHARLES F. FERGUSON

Barrie made use of it in a play called "The Admirable Crichton" in which he gave us the picture of a group of well-to-do people cast on an uninhabited island finding themselves at the mercy of a man servant who, as in the American novelist's yarn, assumes command.

The logic of facts supports the imaginary collapse of the social parasite. That logic can be observed operating in a successful strike, when the worker, begrimed with toil, emerges from his obscurity to impose his mandate on the world of wealth and luxury. He makes us feel then how dependent we are on his overlooked self for the common necessities of life. If his organization is effective he can hold up Society—that Society which, at other times, affects to despise him. He has brought about a situation which compels recognition of his strategic position. He holds a key to the store wherein is to be found the means of physical existence. His labor-power, it is seen, is essential for the carrying on of those industries on which the continuance of physical existence depends. The only way to defeat him, if he is able to maintain his attitude, is to accept the fate of the beleaguered, and to go without that which he supplies. And this, in certain circumstances, may mean the disorganization of Society and even death. However abused at times its power may be, there can be no doubt that the weapon of the Strike does serve to remind the community of facts it is too liable to overlook.

It must not be forgotten that the Church possesses and sometimes uses, though not now on the same scale as formerly, a similar power. It is a fact that, under certain circumstances, the Church "goes on strike." There were occasions during the Middle Ages when a whole nation would be placed under an Interdict, the Sacraments forbidden except in cases of urgent private necessity and even ecclesiastical burial denied the faithful. These were extreme measures not often resorted to but generally

effective when used. A community grown careless and insubordinate or tolerating a ruler who was disobedient to the Holy See would find the door of the Sanctuary closed against it. Sinners must go unconfessed. For those in distress of mind or body resort to the Blessed Sacrament was denied. The Holy Office was no longer chanted publicly. The unhallowed day went its course without the blessing of the Mass. One can imagine the emptiness of which the offenders would become gradually aware. Indifferent at first to the loss of these things, they would discover how much they had meant for their peace of mind and heart. The calm assumption that the gifts of Heaven were to be taken for granted as in the nature of things was challenged, and those who had been recipients of these things made to feel that they were dependent on the mercy of God, rather than on some unalterable law of nature. One can conceive, however the power may have been abused at time, that there were occasions when it gave a wholesome check to the casual reception of divine blessings. At least it would help men to realize the importance of the priest as the custodian of Heaven's favors, and lead, let us hope, to a new appreciation of his place in the community and the importance of those services which he had rendered in the past. In the crises he would emerge as the real master, holding the keys of life and death. What the worker is to society in the present day, the priest was in the Catholic centuries, and as the Strike serves to remind us of the former, so the Interdict helped men to realize the latter.

MODERN conditions make the employment of this weapon less familiar. It could be used effectively indeed only where the bulk of the people were Catholic and where dependence on the services of the Church in normal times had become a habit the breaking of which meant not only spiritual deprivation but also serious inconvenience in the ordinary business of life.

But though the Interdict is but

rarely employed, the principle which it illustrated and the principle which Upton Sinclair's novel is intended to illustrate can still be seen at work. The world of today is not without occasions when the powerful and the wealthy have to give way to the humble minister of the Church. He who has hidden himself in obscure ways then comes into the foreground, master of the situation, holding the strategic position, taking precedence, if needs be of monarchs and millionaires, nay, even overshadowing the claims of kinship.

REQUENTLY it happens that when a serious illness overtakes and death threatens some careless Catholic the first thought is of the forgotten priest! He comes to the bedside bearing the Blessed Sacrament, till then neglected. The lawyer who had been discussing the bestowal of a large fortune withdraws, the doctor stands aside, the most intimate relatives are now of minor importance to the dying man. What a revolutionary change has taken place! How in this hour the real Master of this world stands revealed! What a sudden eminence is achieved by the Carpenter of Nazareth and His servant! Here is a "transvaluation of values" which outrivals any contemplated by Communist or Socialist. The individual who stood on the fringe of this man's life now comes to the center. He has a monopoly of the Bread which is necessary to Salvation, and even at the cost of unbarring the soul's most intimate secrets his divinely-delegated favor must be won. He is the real monarch of this world, but it is only at such times that his obscured royalty becomes clear.

Upton Sinclair has sought to show us how, in an emergency, those possessing the practical knowledge and skill of the worker command the parasites of wealth. He would have us see in those who hold the weapon of industrial efficiency the uncrowned kings of Society. But there is one fact he has overlooked. Man knows a Greater Necessity than physical life and it is those who can supply this Necessity who in reality are the lords of this planet. The great Revolution will take place when that fact is recognized. The Church's monopoly of grace is an infinitely more vital matter than the monopoly of industrial power. Let his able pen give us another novel dramatizing this fact.

He will find it more exciting, more suggestive and of far greater significance than the parallel theme which he has treated.

Nineteen hundred and more years ago a great imperial civilization lay dying. Its political power was breaking up, its culture was decadent, superstition and a cynical scepticism divided the allegiance of its people. The world was tired, its resources of recuperation seemingly exhausted. At that moment emerged, from among a despised race which for centuries had been subject to various great military powers, a movement entirely different from anything previously known. Its representatives were humble fishermen, artisans and others of no social or intellectual importance. Some among them had lived profligate lives; some were actually slaves. But they had a monopoly of the Great Necessity and they were able to impose their own terms on this dying Empire. Those terms were accepted by increasing thousands and the world awoke to a new life and with a new hope. That is a greater drama than Upton Sin-

clair has pictured and it is one which, up to a point, is being constantly repeated. The real Millennium will begin when it is repeated in its final form. I suggest that the author of this novel should try his hand on that subject.

The conditions of our time make it not difficult to imagine a crisis when material prosperity shall be found insufficient to satisfy the real needs of mankind and when all the resources of Science shall prove impotent to avert the decay of civilization. In its desperate need humanity, should such a day come, might well brush aside the numerous quacks that profess to minister to its soul. As in the death-chamber, lawyer, doctor and relatives have to retire in favor of the priest, so, in such a crucial moment, the representatives of Plutocracy, the learned pundits of the intellectual world and social relationships of all kinds would—one might conceive—stand back while the Fisherman once more took charge of the world's affairs.

Thus, it may be, will the Church again come to its own.

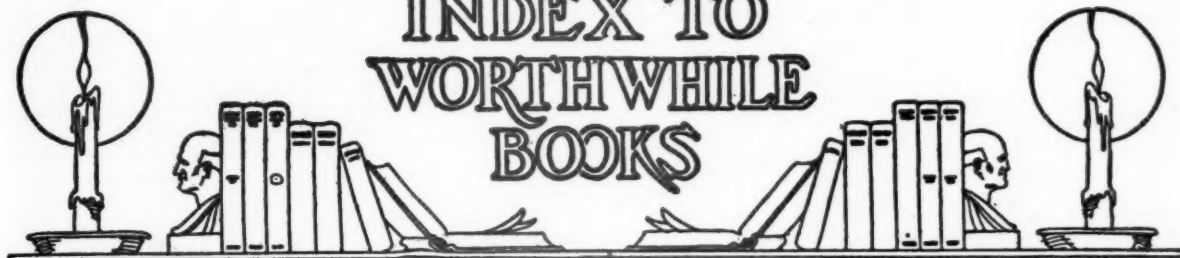
The Bond of Faith

By THEODORE MAYNARD

THOUGH solitude be sweet it cannot claim
Thy promise. To each there comes the lonely call;
Yet covenanted graces only fall
When two or three are gathered in Thy name.
At Pentecost the anointing Spirit came,
Seven-fold in gift and individual
To the assembled Church at prayer, to all
The mighty rushing wind, the tongues of flame.

Rapt in ineffable communion,
In Thy sole Godhead still a company—
The Son begot, and from the Sire and Son
The Holy Ghost from all eternity
Proceeding—Thou dost knit Thy children one;
And Thou Thyself art one, though Thou art three.

INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



ALICE MEYNELL. A Memoir by Viola Meynell. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Price: \$5.00.

It is but to repeat the general verdict to say that Miss Viola Meynell has written a worthy memoir of her mother. She has been wise in avoiding the expansive, exhaustive, two-volume, official biography. Her book is a memoir, a reminder, a brief record of things memorable; her aim is nothing more pretentious than to give fleeting glimpses, lively sketches, running commentaries which enlighten by flashes the rare life and work of her subject. A daughter is not always considered the one best qualified to write the life of her mother: family affection might stress the unimportant things, discretion might suppress essential features, filial piety might withhold a perfect portrait. But Miss Meynell has kept in an excellent manner the balance between reverence and unreserve, and one may ask—knowing well how the question would be answered—Who else could have done the work better? Love is blind—perhaps sometimes; but more often love is keen-sighted and, according to the inspired text, love rejoiceth with the truth. Anyhow, it seems clear that the intimacy of family affection, far from handicapping Miss Meynell in her task, has actually proved to be her pre-eminent qualification in revealing and interpreting her mother.

Alice Meynell has been hailed as "beyond challenge the most eminent woman writer since George Eliot and Christina Rossetti." "Your wife's prose," wrote Coventry Patmore to Wilfrid Meynell, "is the finest that was ever written, and none but kindred genius can see how great it is . . . it is the test of capacity in the reader for the understanding of what prose is. . . . If I were you I should go mad with pride and joy." This whole-hearted praise (so stated that to question it is to confess your own ignorance as to what is prose) has its counterpart in the good-natured and carefully worded protest of Mr. Max Beerbohm who, besides calling to mind that fact that "between her and Mr. Coventry Patmore the shuttle-

cock of praise has flashed incessantly," complains that her style, "quite perfect in its sort," was considered by critics to be "the one and only way in which fine English could possibly be written." "In a few years," he writes, "Mrs. Meynell will have become a sort of substitute for the English sabbath." Mr. Beerbohm's irritation against erecting Mrs. Meynell into an esoteric cult is no denial on his part of her supremacy among the women writers of our time, but rather an appeal for a wider recognition of her literary glory than her own limited circle could give.

"Fastidious" and "precious" are the convenient labels ready-made for the tired reviewer's use when he is putting Mrs. Meynell in her place. She is criticised as having used a style of writing characterised (like Meredith's) "by the studied avoidance of simplicity." She is said to have sometimes improvised upon the language and written English in an idiom not English. Her style is too concentrated—so it is said. "She puts too much into a sentence. The words have no room to breathe in." These criticisms, which are not altogether meaningless nor groundless, might have cumulatively an effect damaging to the rare fame of her against whom they are made. Miss Viola Meynell's Memoir, without any shadow of special pleading or any thesis other than that of sketching the life and character and work of her mother, does somehow manage to correct this notion of excessively fastidious originality and far-fetched preciousness. It gives a new aspect of Mrs. Meynell when we are told that she read with appreciation the stories of O. Henry and that the humor of W. W. Jacobs consoled her when she was dying. Her esteem for Dickens, which was inspired by something more than an interest in his romantic attachment to her parents, led her to plead his cause in the face of Meredith's disparagement. Johnson, too, was one of her favorites, and in preparing a book of Johnson selections she found pleasure in being a collaborator with his modern counterpart, G. K. Chesterton. The chief enthusiasm in contemporary reading of all her later years was this for Chesterton. She

found him to be at once the wittiest and the most serious of living writers. The habit he was charged with of turning things upside down was to her mind the setting right of things that had been standing on their heads. Exhilarating blows and buffets she felt to strike her from his pages. Her enjoyment passed beyond a reader's detached approval: "If I had been a man, and large, I should have been Chesterton," she asserted with a smile, really feeling that there was something more than mere agreement between his mind and hers. All these are unexpected enthusiasms for one who is criticised as Mrs. Meynell has been for her precious style. On the other hand she can speak with scanty praise of Newman, "who can write verse unworthy of himself without a pang," and Swinburne, the mere manipulator of words, was not among those she favored.

Her early literary apprenticeship as a contributor to *The Weekly Register*, a Catholic periodical of which her husband was for eighteen years editor, sub-editor, contributor and office boy, was in the more harassed tradition of journalism: it meant an indescribable effort and struggle against time every Thursday, and it was not the most congenial training for encouraging undue fastidiousness. She worked, too, on *Merry England*—an ever memorable journal because it led to the discovery of Francis Thompson. Some of her best writing appeared in a weekly article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the heading the "Wares of Autolycus," and was praised by George Meredith as "princely journalism." And in an article in the *National Review* he writes, "A woman who thinks and can write, who does not disdain the school of journalism, and who brings novelty and poetic beauty, the devout but open mind, to her practice of it, bears promise that she will some day rank as one of the great Englishwomen of letters."

Coventry Patmore considered Mrs. Meynell to have "the finest contemplative powers of any woman since Madame de Guyon." She wrote great poetry and her poetry was essentially religious and of the Faith. When one thinks of the

modern multitude of inept dabblers in religious verse and of the cheap sentiment of our tawdry hymns, contemplating the whole mass of it like a jungle choked with weeds, one hesitates for some other description of Mrs. Meynell's poetry. Yet religious it was in the sense of being the beautiful expression of the highest movements of the soul towards God—the offering of the fruits of a mind imbued with faith.

It was not sentiment or emotion or aesthetic appeal that led her to the Catholic Church. "Always ardently a Christian, in Catholicism she saw the logical administration of the Christian moral law," says her biographer. "I saw, when I was very young," writes Mrs. Meynell to her daughter Olivia, "that a guide in morals was even more necessary than a guide in faith. It was for this I joined the Church. Other Christian societies may legislate, but the Church administers legislation. Thus she is practically indispensable. I may say that I hold the administration of morals to be of such vital importance that for its sake I accepted, and now accept, dogma in matters of faith—to the last letter. To make my preachment clearer: Right or Wrong (morals) are the most important, or the only important, things men know or can know. Everything depends on them. Christian morality is infinitely the greatest of moralities. This we know by our own sense and intellect without other guidance. The Church administers that morality, as no other sect does or can do, by means of moral theology. The world is far from living up to that ideal, but it is the only ideal worth living up to"—a valuable statement worth repeating in the hope that it may be overheard and taken in by modern ears.

A character so secluded, so shy, aloof, silent, and contemplative is not easily sketched and enshrined in a book; but Miss Meynell has succeeded in a difficult task and given us a complete picture of the writer, the poet, the mother, the wife: she has accomplished her task with reverence and tact, knowing when to speak and when to be silent; she has given us a book which will help to make her mother's life endure as a beautiful memory.

THE CALVERT SERIES. Edited by Hilaire Belloc. **THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ART.** By Ralph Adam Cram. **THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CURRENT LITERATURE.** By George N. Shuster. New York, The Macmillan Co. Each, price: \$1.00.

These are two additions to a series presenting Catholic backgrounds and outlooks with respect to the challenges which modern culture rather lightly flings at the Church. The series is accredited by the popular and, in instances,

international, distinction which its editor and individual contributors have won for themselves. Judging from the standards achieved by the authors within their special professions, and more specifically with the monographs which they have prepared for the "Calvert Series," the ancient apologetic assumption, that revealed truth can conflict neither with truth established pragmatically nor with cultural progress, provided it be either real culture or desirable progress, is having another inning and another victory.

The present volumes, the one stamped by the subtle scholarship and subtler rhetoric of Mr. Shuster, and the other exhibiting all the medieval pageantry and broad sympathy with beauty combined with an academic and practical understanding of both, which the name of Mr. Cram stands for, while dealing in the one case with the discussion of art in letters, and in the other with the more general aspect of art as pictorial, monumental and musical, utter, however, one basic complaint about the criteria which modern culture applies to art and upon which it glorifies itself and damns the Church.

Good art, as served for the popular digestion, is a procession of systematic surprises. It is a gaudy bit of patchwork designed to attract the attention of the purchasing public. But in principle it is no more dignified as art than the small boy is as an artist, who clucks like a hen or crows like a cock to set the barnyard a-gazing. It has not that deep universal note which keeps step with one's heart-beat, peopling one's solitude with friends and one's sorrow with sympathizers. It is alien and grotesque though it may divert. But it bears no more kinship with cosmopolitan human experience than would the diary of a frog—though "The Diary of a Frog" would probably sell well for a month. For just this reason permanence and not popularity is the test of a classic.

Here Mr. Shuster draws an apologetic inference. The Atlantic concepts upon which permanent modern art must rest are ideals which Christianity introduced into the world and which the Catholic Faith conserves. A few of them: a maid should be modest and a man a gentleman; a person should not lie nor steal, even as a matter of convenience; the home is a sacred place, and fidelity in marriage is a nobler thing than a triangle; patriotism is more estimable than graft, though that was preached on the Acropolis long before the Magi came to Bethlehem. Such a faith is beautiful. It contains the materials of modern culture which the modern heart responds to though the feet may tap along to a saxophone rendition of the "St. Louis Blues." On that culture stands Shakespeare, Dickens, the Florentines, Palestrina and

the cathedral-builders of the middle ages.

In these volumes art is frankly called a mystery. No prophecy is uttered about its ultimate solution. The Catholic Faith, the great instigator of artistic venture in the past, is crawling out of a period of decadence, during which, with the rest of the cultural world, it has slumped into a condition much below its best.

THE KING'S BANNER. By Alexander Klarman, Ph.D., Litt. D. New York, Frederick Pustet Co. Price: \$1.25.

The character of this publication is advertised in its sub-title, "A handbook of religion in verse." And so one is not disappointed in any profession it might make to be poetry. It is verse, unvaried except in the procession of doctrines which it handles, ballad-like save in the absence of that rollicking roughness which marks the best of good ballads, consistently common in the makeshifts by which the meter is filled out or pared down to fit, and lighted occasionally by an inspiration which suggests that the author has something better in his reservoir of unworked talent than he has put into his book.

His first strophe, coming under the title "The purpose of creation," contains a sweet little fancy which stands quite bashful and humiliated in a muster of words which it out-castes:

The glorious starry dome above
Bears witness to God's power and
love;

From first He made it light and blue,
And ever keeps it clean and new.

Overlooking the rather confusing physical problem which one might be inclined to read into the suggestion that the "starry dome" is "light and blue" when it is starry—there remains the pretty thought that God made the sky blue and keeps it clean. But upon that naked little figure a poet would expand all the luxury of a court costumer and would give it to the public enucleated in the plumes and silks and laces and train and jewelry of a duchess. Francis Thompson in his own way would have a troupe of cherubs with brooms and turkey-quills romping around putting out the stars and sweeping up the dark.

It is a hopelessly thankless task to write a book of verse for grown-ups, unless it reeks with humor or the dramatic—as do, respectively, the Italian ballads of T. A. Daley, and the weird rhymes of Bob Serviss.

But, poetry is still harder to write, and no matter how good an article a man has, he will be wise if, during the course of a necessarily long noviceship, he heeds that classic admonition about the illuminating function of the cedar chest.



The Gaunt Spectre of Famine

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

WHEN the missionary is a long time away from his mission and anxious to return, very often it is a matter of conjecture just when he may return. Something intervenes to upset his plans. I had gone to Tao Yuen to escape the multitude of soldiers who had come to Liu-Lin-Cha. I had been enjoying the peace and security of the Tao Yuen mission for nearly a week when my boy came down and reported that everything was peaceful again. I rather doubted the good news because that army was still in the vicinity of our town and would undoubtedly return if defeated and cause more inconvenience to us all. I talked the matter over with Father Nicanor and decided to wait a while longer.

The wisdom of this delay proved practical. During the week news came that all the bandits of the out-lying territory had banded together in an effort to dislodge the local military and had come within a few miles of the town to give battle to our soldiers. They had to reckon with a larger and much more efficient army than theirs. The result was that they were driven into the hills far away from our town, where nobody could pursue them. When this trouble had blown over I tried again to get a boat and, after a few days, succeeded.

Everything was packed and I was ready to go on board when Father Nicanor said that the soldiers in the city were in mutiny. Their leader had been executed for disobeying orders of the Central Government. A leaderless army is an army without dis-

cipline. It is an occasion for robbing. All the stores were closed and every door firmly barred for fear the soldiers in their flight, might loot. Father Nicanor and I passed an anxious night wondering what the morrow would bring. We were grateful to hear the next morning that the soldiers had left without the least disorder of any kind.

Undaunted by my previous failures to get started on the way home I made

another attempt and this time, thanks to the prayers of our martyred brethren, actually was on the road accompanied by a military escort. We reached the next town after noon and decided to wait for the oncoming convoy and sail with it to my home mission. Towards evening we saw nine men sailing by in a small skiff. This aroused everyone's suspicions. Some thought these nine men had gone ahead to hold us up next day. To make matters worse, there were no soldiers in this town. So we all spent a sleepless night. Nothing happened, however. When the convoy came they soon heard of the nine men going ahead but paid no attention to the scare. They refused to ask for a military escort. But I determined to get one if it were at all possible. I was refused.

The soldiers had no face because the other boatmen did not want them. What should I do—wait behind or take a chance and go with all the boats? I regarded the refusal of the soldiers to escort me as a sign that everything was well along the road. We sailed the next morning at four, making six miles before breakfast. The hours sped by. Nothing happened. We reached the next big town thankful to God and to our patrons for their protection. Once arrived, we flung care to the winds and had a little celebration consisting of extra dishes at supper.

There was only a short distance separating us from Liu-Lin-Cha, and this was quickly covered. We saw the old familiar surroundings looming up into view. There were two

EDITOR'S NOTE

The one thing in the accompanying article by Father Dunstan that especially impresses us is his forecast of a probable famine in our mission district in China. We earnestly pray and request our readers to pray that the poor people in our mission district as well as the missionaries themselves may be spared the ravages of this threatened curse. Even the very memory of the famine in 1926 is harrowing. The article that follows is taken from the Chinese Weekly Review. It gives the personal experiences of the writer as an eye-witness of the horror that famine is actually causing, even at the present moment, in various parts of China.

big rapids yet to cross. I was watching the boatman and his son straining every muscle in poling the boat while the men on the shore a short distance ahead were groping along the ground picking their way foot by foot as they pulled the long heavy boat by means of the stout and sinewy bamboo rope. Sometimes the men waded in the water entirely naked seemingly unmindful of the cold. Nature has supplied the Chinese with an extra layer of skin that inures them to ordinary cold. It took nearly an hour to make the rapids.

How glad I was to see the church again! My curiosity had been aroused ever since I got news that the mission escaped damage at the hands of the soldiers. As I approached the mission I found that the exterior was intact. Going inside everything else was as I had left it with the exceptions of a few broken locks and missing articles. The white walls were still white, strange to say. Generally the soldiers deface a white wall with anti-foreign and anti-Christian slogans. The practically undamaged appearance of the mission speaks volumes in praise of the soldiers who had billeted there.

My boxes were very soon brought up to the mission and all the Christians came to welcome me home. Though I had come back unexpectedly, they were on hand. Soon the rooms took on their former familiar appearance when each article was put back in place. I had to sprinkle the church with holy water because it was put to sordid uses by the soldiers. The next morning we had Mass, the first time in a month.

The people of this town will long remember the coming of the soldiers. This meant much inconvenience to them, yet they profited by the unusual number of men to make money. These soldiers paid for everything they bought—strange custom for Chinese soldiers—who generally take what they want. Money was handed out generously when small change could no longer be found and the soldiers frequently paid, many times over, the true worth of an article. While these soldiers continued on their way they seized all able-bodied men to carry their baggage. The people are aware of this beforehand and either hide in their houses until all danger is over or fly to the country. But sometimes the unwary are caught. It means days of suffering

on the road, frequently, death from over-exertion. The soldiers prod the weary carriers with their guns. The carriers who were commandeered here during those days have not yet returned. They have no money. They must work their way back



ONE OF A MILLION AND ALL WORTH WORKING FOR.

gradually. Probably they may never come back. Fortunately there were no Christians commandeered. The soldiers were reported to have gone to Kwangshi. At all events, they are out of Hunan.

The gaunt spectre of famine is looming up in our district again. This year's crop of rice was eaten by the bugs. We had too much rain. In the larger areas the people will suffer extremely. The soldiers will buy up all the grain. They never go hungry. I heard that the military from other provinces are drawing on Hunan for rice to feed their armies. But they do not get it unless they pay for it. This year rice is not being shipped abroad from Shanghai because of the great scarcity all over the country. It may very well turn out that this year's famine will be

one of the most calamitous famines in China's history.

The reader may often wonder how it is that the missionary does not become discouraged over all the reverses he meets with. There are many reasons to be given. I think we can all say we realize the value of an immortal soul. We have come to learn that it is patience which wins in the long run. Therefore, whatever obstacle stands in our way while we are working for souls, be it the tepidity of the Christians or the impossibility of travelling to mission stations to carry on our work as often as we would wish, it is always patience that wins out. Before the year ends everyone in good standing with the Church has fulfilled his duties. Then if it happens that an old sinner who has not been to Mass and the sacraments for years gets sick and feels his approaching end near, our patience is rewarded in preparing that soul to meet its Creator. We keep after them, reasoning that, if they won't take the trouble to live orderly lives, they will not get the grace of dying in the friendship of God. It has been our experience that the Chinese are not afraid to know that death is near. They want to die well. If we told a foreigner that his death was approaching he would in nine cases out of ten, resent any allusions to death because he is not prepared to die nor would he be likely to send for the priest to hear his confession or to bring the last sacraments to him so unaware is he of the danger of death. Not so the Chinese.

An encouraging feature of mission work in this locality is the help we are receiving from our martyred brethren. A sick family comprising mother, two daughters, and small son were quite near death when I got back to the mission. I said Mass for these poor stricken persons and asked our dear dead to cure them all. They are all well now. The little daughter, a tot of four years, is especially strong in the Faith. Her grandmother wanted her to worship the goddess Kwangyin whom the Chinese call upon in all their needs, but the little girl firmly refused, saying she was God's child and not a worshipper of idols.

The new year is here again. May it be a prosperous year spiritually and materially for all our benefactors. This is the wish of the missionary and his people of St. Theresa's Mission of Liu-Lin-Cha.

Trying to Save 250,000 Lives

"**A**ND so this," I remarked somewhat bitterly, "is what foreigners in Shanghai refer to as the 'so-called famine!'"

My companion was Mr. O. J. Todd, in charge of the engineering operations connected with the digging of the *Sa Tao Chu* irrigation canal, an important project now under construction in Suiyuan province by the China International Famine Relief Commission. We were walking through the streets of Saratsi, streets that were alleys of death.

"But why the so-called?" asked Mr. Todd, stepping over a skin-draped skeleton in which a faint agitation told that life still loitered, as though waiting for an unseen hand to order it to shuffle away forever.

Before answering him I stopped to take a photo of a withered young woman who was frantically burrowing a hole into a little mound of earth, digging for the roots of a leafless, almost limbless, dust-coated tree that somehow had managed to escape complete dismemberment.

"Because," I replied, "they have been hearing this famine story for

By EDGAR SNOW

so many years that it now affects them no more than the beggars' plea from the sidewalks of Shanghai. Because they have been told by the eternal skeptic that all the money they donate eventually finds its way into the hands of provincial militarists, who use it to plan wars against each other. Finally because none of them ever comes up here to see for himself just how absolute is the destitution of these people!

"Your last statement is true," said Mr. Todd. "You are the second foreigner, excepting famine relief workers of course, who has been in this district since we began to function."

For some time we walked through the city. Mr. Todd was busy making notes in the little black book he carried ever with him; I was occupied with registering my own impressions. In few instances does the Chinese village present what might be called a savory appearance. Even the rich cities of the Yangtse are ever depressing experiences for the foreign visitor. But a stroll through one of

the famine-shrouded towns of China's far northwest leaves one with a gone feeling below the heart.

During normal times the city's population is about 40,000. Since the famine began, following the drought that has now spread over four years, the figure has jumped to over 100,000, most of the new arrivals having come into the city during the last three months. The news has gone out that relief has come at last.

Saratsi is well within the famine belt. About 500 miles west of Peking, it formerly was one of the wealthiest trading centers of Inner Mongolia. Even after Suiyuan became one of China's Special Administrative Districts, Saratsi prospered, and its importance grew when the Peking-Suiyuan Railway was pushed near to it, about six years ago. But in 1924 began the long delinquencies of the Rain God. About the same time there occurred the first of the conflicts between the North China warlords, conflicts which eventually succeeded in so crippling the railway and generally impoverishing upper Shansi and Chihli that these avenues



INN NEAR WHA CHIAO WHERE OUR MARTYRED MISSIONARIES, FATHERS WALTER, GODFREY AND CLEMENT, TOOK THEIR LAST NOON MEAL, APRIL 23, 1929.



FATHERS KLAESSNER, BREIT AND BUCHOLZ, GERMAN MISSIONARIES, GUESTS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES. THEY ARE SURROUNDED WITH THEIR BAGGAGE AFTER HAVING BEEN SHIPWRECKED.

of relief were closed to the sufferers from the drought.

For a long time the world has known that the northwestern provinces of China have been severely touched by famine. Five years ago, when reports of the catastrophic landslip in Kansu reached the inlands of civilization, men began attempts to alleviate the tortures of the *miserables*. The American Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the China Inland Mission, and various famine relief organizations conducted campaigns for funds to carry on their humanitarian efforts at life-saving on an unprecedented scale. Kansu has never recovered from that great phenomenon, "when the mountains walked," and wrought desolation to millions of Chinese farmers and their families. For the most part the relief workers have been impotent to render any aid. Drought, the locusts, floods, bandits and civil war have supplemented each other in extending the horrors over an area which it appears that all the gods have forsaken. Today the demon Famine has spread his fingers over practically all of Kansu, Shensi, good portions of Honan and Shansi, and much of Suiyuan and Sinkiang. Latest estimates of the China International Famine Relief Commission state that between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 are now, or shortly will be, utterly destitute.

The great problem which has faced those who would aid these hungry millions, that of transportation of supplies, seems at least nearer to solution. The militarists, so we are

told, have laid down their arms. The workers for the earthly salvation of sufferers are to be given full cooperation in their every effort. No more wars, no bandits, no confiscation of famine relief supplies, no more of the disheartening indifference which has rendered ineffective all attempts to bring succor on the wholesale scale that the situation demands.

Even had China been at peace during these years it would have been extremely difficult to carry out the necessary program of relief measures. No railways touch within three hundred miles of the wide plains of Kansu and Shensi, where the famine is at its height. Supplies must be transported by mule cart. It is estimated that each month no less than 48,000 tons of wheat and kiao-liang, the principal grains, would be required to feed all the victims. To move such a quantity of provisions it would take about 1200 freight cars, which is considerable more than the present available rolling stock on any railway of China. The very enormity of these estimates make the situation seem incredible to anyone who has not actually been a witness to at least part of the great famine tragedy.

Realizing that to bring help on such a huge basis as mentioned above would demand facilities and assistance that it was foolish to hope might be secured, the Famine Commission has proceeded to follow out a scheme of partial relief. The workers naturally turned their eyes first to the only affected district which is touched by

a railway. It is on the borderlands of the Peking-Suiyuan Railway then, that the Famine Commission, which is a consolidation of several relief organizations formerly working independently, is today accomplishing one of the greatest single tasks it has yet undertaken. From Saratsi, where the article opened, the Commission is directing a "resuscitation campaign" which will save the lives of 250,000 people.

Saratsi is near the center of the southeastern corner of the Special Administrative District of Suiyuan. There are three such districts on the Mongolian-Chinese border. They were created a number of years ago for the purpose of effecting a closer unity between China and its nominal possessions of Inner and Outer Mongolia. The other two are Chahar, which includes the important Mongolian strongholds of Holonor and Urga, both now under strong Soviet influence, and Jehol, north of Chihli, which forms the lower end of the richest regions of Eastern Inner Mongolia.

While all three districts have suffered from famine, Suiyuan is decidedly most severely afflicted, and it is in the area around Saratsi that the ravages have left their most ugly scars. In examining this city, I learned that what was before me was typical not only of much of Suiyuan, but also of that vast stretch of desolate land to the southwest, in Kansu, Shensi, and western Shansi and Honan.

I had not been very long in Sarat-

si before I began to wish, for perhaps the first time in my life, for a great deal more money than I shall ever possess. Money, as a means of attaining power in a materialistic world, never has appealed to me very greatly. But here, facing the evidence of what gold, well-spent, could do, I hungered for the opportunity of washing the hopelessness from the feverish eyes of the multitudes that swarmed round me. They could not beg. Not one of them, not even the sack-of-bones children, called after me for a spare copper. It struck me as peculiarly ironic that not even once was I asked for alms in this city where obviously nearly everyone was in desperate need, whereas from experience I knew that it was impossible to walk a hundred feet along any boulevard in prosperous Shanghai or any other coastal city without being tagged after by at least one outrageously opulent beggar. More than anything else, perhaps, this fact impressed me with the stoicism of these people. They are fundamentally fatalists. Famine is no new trick to them. Their fathers before them knew it, and so did their fathers' fathers, through many generations. Unless relief had come to them from the outside, they would have sat here and died, after methodically having eaten, with extreme conservatism, everything that, under the widest category, could be said to contain a dram of nourishment.

For many blocks—seated in door-

ways, on curbstones where there were any, or on top of the wrecks of houses, or merely lying exhausted in the gutters—the street were bordered with men and women and children in the last reaches of starvation. I took one picture of a family group that had just arrived in Saratsi that day, having spent a week in tramping across the dusty, semi-desert country to the southwest. They had all lived in the same country village, and before the drought theirs had been a happy existence, as happy existences go among Chinese farmers. There were four sons who had each owned land, which more than provided for the needs of his family. Adjoining the farms of his children was that of the father, who was proud of his blood, and thankful for the fruitfulness of the soil. Then the rain ceased, the land dried up, and season followed season when their crops were scarcely worth harvesting. Finally came this last year when the ground hardened like one great sheet of pottery. To keep from starving, they ate their seed grain. An opportunity came to sell their women and girls to wealthy Chinese in the east, and rather than watch them starve to death, they agreed to the transaction.

The father, whose face was seared with pain, still had a bright gleam in his eyes—just a trifle too bright, I thought. His sons and grandsons clustered round him, screwing up their faces into hard little bunches

of wrinkles, as though they could not quite comprehend that the fate which they so long had awaited, might yet be averted. In their hands they held little wooden rice bowls, or tin cans, or battered tea pots. They were waiting for the Salvation Army Free Soup Kitchens to open, and it was difficult to understand how they could sit there so quietly, so patiently, anticipating what would probably be the first bowl of decent food that they had tasted for weeks. Looking at them I was astonished at the tenacity with which men are sometimes endowed. It was possible to trace almost every bone and every vein in their bodies. They stood out in clear relief. It was almost unbelievable that human beings could survive with so little flesh clinging to their skeleton frames.

One, a fellow of about twenty-eight, the ghost of a once powerful man, was particularly pitiable. The muscle had dropped away from his broad shoulders and stout arms; one could have joined the fingertips of one's two hands around his waist, and encircled his biceps with the thumb and forefinger of one hand. They all wore such rags that the greatest mystery was how the countless tatters—by no stretch of the imagination could they be called clothes—managed to hang together as one garment.

We passed by three bodies, naked except for loin cloths, lying prone on the street, their mouths agape, and



THE SCHOOL BOYS AND THEIR TEACHERS OF THE YUNGSHUN MISSION.



THE WANGTSUN MISSION, A RENTED HOUSE, IS INDICATED BY WHITE WALL. IN FRONT OF THE MISSION IS THE WOOD MARKET.

busy flies beginning the work which the dogs and buzzards soon would finish after the corpses had been placed in the usual shallow graves outside the city walls. A moment later we came to a picture that was surely the most heart-wrenching I have ever seen. A little boy, scarcely six years old, sat beside an old man, either dead or in the last moment of earthly life. The child was thickly coated with dust and filth—and nothing else. He was pushing against his father's side (for that was who the withered frame undoubtedly represented), and with all the effort of his emaciated twisted young body, he was exhorting him to sit up, and to speak. I walked over to the spot, knelt down beside the child and put my hand on the old fellow's pulse. There was no response. His heart, too, apparently had ceased beating. Gently pulling the bewildered infant away from the body, we took him with us, and I saw to it that at least one empty stomach was well fed that day.

As scenes almost as saddening as this continued to repeat themselves, I began to wonder if the Commission could ever restore strength and health

to so much physical debris. I saw dozens of young and middle-aged women, whose uncovered breasts hung flat against their jutting ribs. Numbers of children, who had been kept alive on weeds and herbs too long, showed the awful signs of the famine disease. Their faces were puffed like bloated sausages, and in color their skin was like stagnant water. Their eyes, in which lingered no trace of the alert curiosity so characteristic of Chinese children, were watery and were sometimes almost obliterated by the bags of mottled flesh that surrounded them.

"And so this," I said more bitterly than before, "is the 'so-called famine!'" Mr. Todd looked at me, nodded and went on writing notes in his little black book.

We rounded a corner, passed through a crumbling moon-gate and entered the Commission's *Ping Tiao* Compound. In a corner of the main courtyard, fenced in by a high wooden barrier, stood several hundred Chinese, each holding a basket or a sack or a receptacle of some kind. A *Ping Tiao*, I learned, is a grain market, but one of an uncommon sort, for here wheat and *kiaoliang*

are sold at half the prevailing price, and the Famine Commission loses 50% on every catty it sells. At the time I visited *Ping Tiao* (which means "level price"), the wheat and *kiaoliang*, and also some millet were being sold at about .10 a catty, the latter being equivalent to about one and one-third English pounds.

For some time we watched the transactions taking place here. The line of waiting purchasers never dwindled. Some came in with a tea cup and a few coppers, and were sold enough for a few bowls of broth. Others, who obviously had trekked in from the country with the family's hoarded savings entrusted to them, bought a month's supply and happily marched away under a fulsome sack or two. These purchasers naturally were of better appearance than the street loiterers, who waited for free aid. They wore clothes not quite so ragged, and they showed fewer evidences of having suffered from privations. But all appeared anemic, underfed. If they had been beggars on the avenues of America not many could have passed them by unheeded.

After a while of this we went round to the Free Soup Kitchens and there saw in mass array, our wasted specimens of earlier acquaintance. The narrow *hutung* was packed solid with tottering humanity. We were obliged to detour and come into the kitchens from the rear. For several minutes before we arrived at the huge open kang, of forty or fifty gallons capacity, the odor of steaming millet floated round us. How cruelly appetizingly it drifted on the air!! What a torture it must have been to these unfilled stomachs whose owners waited outside, supremely composed. I looked across the surface of the sea of dark, gaunt faces. Wherever I met an eye, it attempted to smile back at me, as if to say, "Yes, what funny looking creatures we all are!" Oh, the magnificent, the abiding, the unsurpassed sense of humor that enables the Chinese to laugh at himself, no matter how perilous his discomfiture, even, in truth, though he be facing death itself! There are many graces the Chinese lack, but surely one of them is not a sporting nature!

"How many of those kitchens are operating?" I asked Mr. Todd.

"There is one in connection with each grain dump."

"And how many grain dumps?" I pursued.

"Well, just now we have five large stations, where *Ping Tiaos* are operating on full schedule. Besides the one here, which is our central base of supplies, we have distributing depots at Suiyuancheng, capital of Suiyuan, at Taosuhao, about 50 miles north of here, and at Matachao and Paotao to the south and west."

I asked how many people were being helped by each of these stations. Mr. Todd said that they were distributing about 30,000 catties of grain per day, and that they estimated each catty is sufficient to feed five persons for one day.

"That figure includes the grain used by the soup kitchens, I suppose?" It did.

"But compared to the bulk total the soup dispensaries use a negligible amount," Mr. Todd said. "We find the Chinese can get much more out of a catty of grain themselves than we can by making soup so that we discourage this free relief as much as possible. Besides, those who are so destitute that they only can be helped in that way are usually too far gone for us to be of much aid to them. Our grain supply is limited; the railway can only furnish us with indifferent transportation. It is better to save the lives of those who have a chance of pulling through than to waste the wheat on these poor creatures that could only hope to recover after weeks in a first class sanitarium." Rather a callous way of looking at it, perhaps, but logical, undeniably logical.

"You have yet to see the best work we are doing up here," continued Mr. Todd. He referred to the *Sa Tao Chu Canal*. "Grain distribution is all right; it is necessary and important," said the engineer. "But after all it is merely a fist temporarily placed in the breach of the dike; a relief for the effect without touching the cause. If we can help these people to help themselves it will be of vastly more far-reaching benefit than all the free soup kitchens in China. That is what we hope to accomplish with the *Sa Tao Chu Canal*."

Then he proceeded to give me facts and figures till my brain, already weary with trying to adjust myself to this land of the scourge of God, refused to assimilate. Perhaps if we sat down somewhere? We did—we sat down in the rear end of a bucking Ford that raced us out across a broad plain, a plain from which great folds of thick dust rolled over us.

This country over which we sped, at the unheard-of rate of fifteen miles an hour, was formerly some of the most productive soil in China. With ample water, it can at any time be turned into a great fertile basin. The Commission's scheme is to build a canal from the Yellow River, which flows about 15 miles from Saratsi, to a point 40 miles to the southeast on the Black River. The latter, which is at present, and has been for many months, practically a dry bed, will be used as a channel for another 20 miles to a second point where the stream will pour its volume back into the Yellow River once more. The intake is near a town called Dunko, about 20 miles west of Saratsi. Here the ditch will be 60 feet wide and about 18 feet deep. Before it reaches the Black River it will taper to 40 feet wide and in depth be about 10 feet. The topography between the intake and outlet being very flat, it will be easy to extend laterals for a distance of about five miles on each side of the canal, so that altogether a territory of some 400,000 acres in extent will be brought under

cultivation as a result of this project.

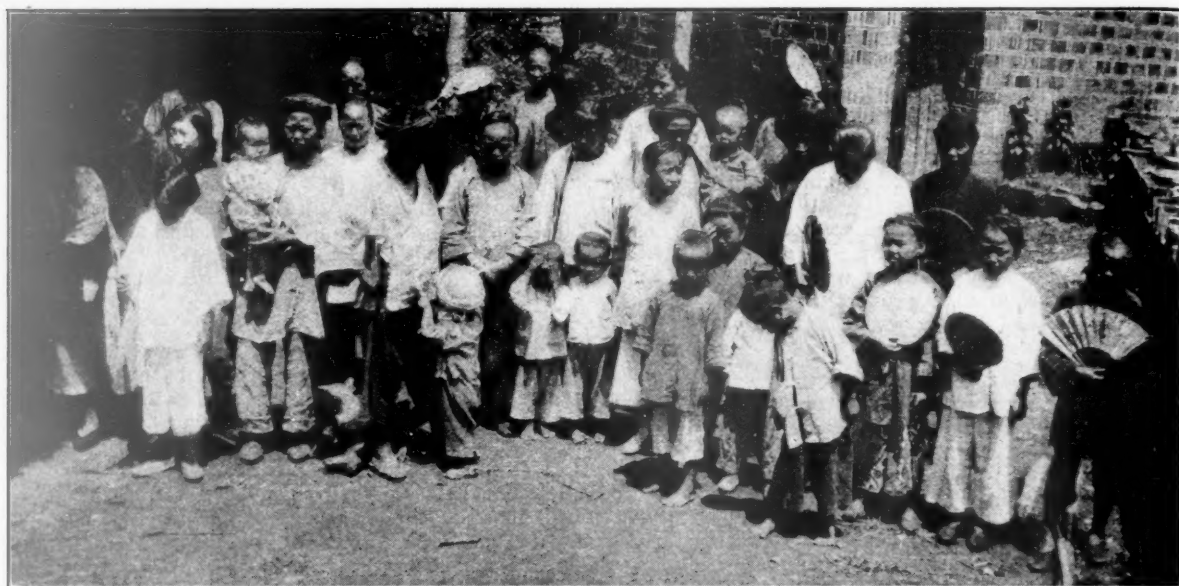
"That amount of land," kept up Mr. Todd, "can grow crops sufficient to feed the entire population of Suiyuan, some 5,000,000 people. There need never be any more worry about famine in this region when my little ditch is finished!"

Eventually a line of buildings came out of a storm of dust and our guide announced that we had arrived at "Delousing Station Number One." Yes, a "delouser" is exactly what you think it is. Having heard its purpose, I immediately became uneasy and began to wish for some of those natty elastic armbands to make the ends of my clothing louse-proof. I noticed with amusement that my Chinese friends, who had come with me from Peking, also began to look uneasy, and fold their arms as a protective measure.

Mr. Todd remained talkative. One of the most practical ways of rendering famine aid is through labor relief. This was what the canal digging was doing. Approximately 40,000 men would be at work when operations had fully opened; at pres-



FATHER NICHOLAS WITH PAUL WANG, HIS FIRST CONVERT, BAPTIZED ON THE FEAST OF CHRIST THE KING.



WOMEN AND GIRLS AFTER MASS ON FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION IN WANGTSUN MISSION.

ent only 15,000 had been enlisted.

"We pay them," said the engineer, "in grain. They are given an average of 30 catties a month, of which most of them use but about a fifth. The rest they request us to deliver to their families. The grain paid to these men is, of course, included in the estimate I have already quoted to you of the total amount we supply."

We entered the delousing compound. About two hundred Chinese laborers sat, or stood, in one corner of the inclosure. Around their necks hung necklaces of paper twine, at the apex of which was a long wooden tag, painted with Chinese numerals. On one side of the compound was a half-demolished church, a Catholic church which had been raided by bandits, who robbed it of its ecclesiastical possessions, drove the aged priest from his little village, and then methodically crashed each of its forty-eight glass windows. Probably for some superstitious reason they had not touched the crucifix, and each of the stations of the cross remained unmolested. One of the Chinese who was going through the delousing process had been a parishioner, and he volunteered to tell of how the ten-foot bandit Mo, a notorious scoundrel—but that is another story. I was speaking of delousing . . .

The Chinese in the courtyard were naked, except for their identification tags. If I had been startled by the wizened faces and limbs I had seen

back in Saratsi, how much greater was my astonishment upon seeing these bodies in the *ensemble*! Verily, they were nothing but the bones of men, over which taut sinews formed a thin covering that was little more than transparent! Legs no longer held form or curve; where the joints were the bulges of knotted tendons gave the appearance of deformity. The thighs were scarcely thicker than the shanks, and around the latter one could have slipped a child's wristlet. Great hollows there were where rice-filled stomachs had been. Sharp, protruding clavicles continued the story of under-nourishment, and from them hung limp, lifeless arms, like sticks dangling from the straw-dummy of the cornfields. A few did not appear quite so near death, but not one of them looked as though he could carry a fifty pound weight for fifty yards. And yet these men were going to work!

When I expressed doubt concerning the delousing victims' ability to labor, Mr. Todd reassured me:

"These men are not really as weak as their physical appearance suggests. Even in normal times the average Chinese laborer has no surplus weight. Most of these fellows have not lost more than fifteen or twenty pounds. Furthermore, they are all given examinations by our doctors before they are put to work. And no one drives them; they set their

own pace. Since they are paid on a per unit basis of work, there is no objection if they choose to take a dozen rest periods during a day. After a week of steady eating, it is amazing how quickly they come back."

We were introduced to Dr. Ingram, who at that moment emerged from what I promptly dubbed the crematory. It is there that the lice go to die. Swathed in heavy khaki from his ears to the wrapped trouser ends at his ankles, the honorable Director of Delousing, with his white bearded face, over which had gathered a generous coating of dust, was almost as weird a sight as his victims. Dr. Ingram was a retired missionary, and he had come up to this parched, famished country to take a rest! He was anxious to initiate me into the mysteries of delousing. I permitted myself to be led to his scene of operations.

"Of course you know the reason for this performance is to avoid the spread of typhus among our workmen," he said. "At present about one out of every three deaths in the famine district is a typhus fatality. The fever is transmitted from person to person by the typhus louse, which is found more frequently among the Chinese than any other race. Naturally, in districts such as this, where there is scarcely enough water to drink, let alone bathe, the

parasites thrive. In encampments such as ours, it is highly essential that they be annihilated."

Dr. Ingram showed me the long racks where the men deposit each article of clothing. Having divested themselves of this, they are then carefully examined to make sure that none of the "creatures" cling to their bodies, after which they are ordered to wait for the fumigation process to be completed. Their clothes are carried on hooks into the furnace-like adobe structure, under which roars a fire which keeps the room at a temperature around 200 degrees, a heat which the detestable little germ-carriers cannot endure. They drop to the almost red-hot floor, sizzle, and expire.

"We also insist that the heads of all the men be shaved," said Dr. Ingram. "Sometimes the reactions to this are highly amusing. Several have preferred death by starvation to the loss of their locks."

By the time Dr. Ingram had finished his explanations, I had wound a couple of handkerchiefs round my neck, had rolled down my sleeves, and already was beginning to wonder if those really were the bites of sand-flies that had been bothering me so much. After all, a typhus louse can jump six feet, and its wound is almost always fatal to Occidentals.

During the succeeding days I spent in this famine country I had numerous other opportunities to witness the great battle that is being staged

between the dread ravager and its brave opponents, the Relief Commission. At Paotao, about fifty miles from Saratsi, an ancient town of Inner Mongolia, one can watch the *Ping Tiao* depots doling out catty upon catty of the precious golden granules that mean the difference between life and death to these people. Some of the incidents I witnessed there were more moving than anything the drama has ever been able to do to me.

Similarly, when I visited Suiyuan-cheng, the deep pathos of human pain and bewilderment impressed me, depressed me as it never had done before. In the capital city I ventured into the precincts of an ancient Manchu Temple, the *Hsung Fu Chi*, once among the most celebrated shrines in the northwest. The roofs had fallen in. Cerulean tiles lay in broken heaps in the filth littered courtyard, as though forming memorial mounds for the gods who had fled from the ruined altars within. The dazzling sun beat down on the archaic stone blocks that paved what was the Road to Heaven, and stifling dust rolled in heavy layers over the broken walls to thicken the mantle of desuetude that spread over the once royal scene. In one of the subsidiary buildings a temporary soup kitchen had been installed, and outside, amid dust and flies, and under the full glare of the desert sun (for the Gobi is just over a nearby mountain range) were several score of Chinese whose only

evidence of being alive was in the fact that they sat instead of lay upon the scorching stone-flagged arena.

I am trying very hard not to, I hardly think it would be possible, to exaggerate the awfulness of the condition of these poor spent bodies. This group were refugees from the country districts, who had come into Suiyuan a few days earlier, when the knowledge had reached them that relief had come, now that the militarists had emancipated the railway, and the new governor had driven the bandits from the province. How the will to live does persist! Most of us would believe that if we ever came as near death as these, we should beg to be taken quickly. But these Chinese did not understand that attitude; they were game to the last breath. Their remnants of garments fell from formless torsos into shapeless little heaps on the ground beside them. A myriad of flies swarmed round them, biting, stinging, leaving swollen red blotches where they crawled. Their victims did not object. They seemed to sleep—or were most of them lulled into the unconsciousness that merges into the last adventure? They took no notice of us—a thing in itself a phenomenon, for where is the living Chinese who will not rouse himself from any stupor to gaze at the curiously featured foreign devils?

Outside, I stopped at the gate, where a bundle of rags, motionless,



THE YUNGSHUN PASTOR, FATHER PURTILL, C. P., AND SOME WOMEN OF THE MISSION COMPOUND.

held my attention. A mother—one would have said she was a grandame except for the infant that lay nervously in her arms, vainly seeking nourishment—hid her face on the ground, and permitted the flies and a bevy of insects to explore her rags. I opened her hand which was clenched. The knuckles and the joints were swollen—or was it merely because they had so little flesh on them that they looked that way? Into her palm I placed two silver coins, and shook her, gently at first, then more vigorously. Finally she lifted her diseased face, and I understood why she had kept it on the ground. I pointed to the coins, but she did not seem to comprehend. She gazed at them, rubbed them in her fingers, looked at me, then at the coins again, and finally shook her head and, clenching her hand tightly over the

silver, once more turned her face away from the sun. I moved along.

To realize that conditions such as this are prevalent, are typical even over all the famine area, which covers about a fourth of the territory of prodigious China—that is the most appalling thing of all! In the *Sa Tao Chu Canal* project the Relief Commission is saving 250,000 lives. But what of the other twenty million or more to whom the famine workers have not been able to render any important aid? Will they succeed in reaching them with supplies before it is too late? Even if all conditions were favorable to the movement of grain, even were it possible readily to purchase sufficient quantities of wheat and millet and kiao-liang from Manchurian markets, even if the Commission had unlimited funds with which to work, it is doubtful if

they could hope to save more than half the number who now draw ever nearer to the valley of death. Relief investigators themselves conservatively estimate that 2,000,000 people will have died before the end of this year, as a result of the four years' siege of China's dark terror. Others place the figure much higher. Certain it is that nothing less than an immediate international response to the appeals for help, coupled with a willingness to coöperate from the Chinese government, can prevent starvation on a scale unparalleled in this century.

* * * * *

And yet, there are those in Shanghai who continue to refer to the misery in China's far northwest as the "so-called famine," and even write letters home advising their friends not to be taken in by all this "starvation propaganda!"

The Outlook in Yungshun

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

IN CHINA one never knows what the next day may bring. After Mass and breakfast one morning, about a month ago, I was just going to my room to write some letters when in comes a carrier from Paot-sing. Some business matters that had turned up there made it necessary for me to proceed at once to that mission.

I'll never forget that trip to Paot-sing. I left Yungshun about 9 A.M., hoping to reach my destination that same evening. But shortly after noon it started to rain. The roads, such as they are, promptly turned into mud. We had to go very, very slowly for fear of slipping down some mountain side into a deep ravine. The last four or five miles had to be travelled in complete darkness. While walking along and slipping every few feet, I realized that the mule which I was leading, rarely, if ever, slipped. So I decided it would be safer to ride. I got into the saddle with a prayer to Our Blessed Mother and the Little Flower, asking them to guide us safely to our destination. We could not make it that day, so the night was spent in a Chinese inn. Of course, I did not get a wink of sleep. All night long I was too much occupied in wondering just how many rats were in my room, and hoping they would not decide to run over instead of under

the bed. We finally reached Paot-sing about noon of the following day, tired, cold and hungry. But our welcome was such a hearty one that all our troubles were soon forgotten.

After a few days in Paot-sing, I talked about going back, but Father William would not hear of it. He

said I might as well stay a while and take a little vacation. Besides that, Thanksgiving Day was not far off and it would be pleasant to have company. He did not have to urge me twice. I sort of felt I needed a rest—was beginning to get that "tired out" feeling. Father Cormac came over. As he can play the organ excellently, we had a High Mass on Thanksgiving day and offered it for



THE VACANT LOT IN SUNG PEH TSING FROM WHICH THE MISSION HOUSE WAS STOLEN!

the Passionists who died in China.

All good things must come to an end, and so did those happy days with Father William in Paotsing—yes, all too soon. Then, when I got back home again, I had to get down to my books and study the language. It was my ambition to be able to hear confessions in Chinese in the very near future.

I am as happy as can be. Of course, there are (and there always will be—not only in China, but everywhere) a few hardships to face. To me the hardest thing is my own impatience with myself. I want to get cut among the people. I would like to, as the Scripture says, "go out into the highways and byways, and compel them to come in." But there are always two big handicaps; the language for one, the fact that I'm a foreigner for the other. The first I hope to overcome in due time. The second I can't change, for I can't help my looks. If I could I'd make myself look as Chinese as possible. Any honest way to help these poor people save their souls.

The readers of *THE SIGN* no doubt want to know what China is like just now. It is hard to describe. One author, in a book published two years ago, sums up the situation well by saying: "To understand life in China take a pinch of the struggle of the Early Church; throw in a little of the European Renaissance; add some

of the wild thinking and bloody events of the French Revolution; pour in a good quantity of the spirit of 1776; add a little Bolshevik red pepper; then mix well and cook until half baked." If this was true in 1928, when the book was published, it is all the more true now. We are having famine in the North, civil war in the North and South, war with Russia in Manchuria, and bandits everywhere—especially in the West.

Some months ago it was the Passionists who suffered. Now it is the Franciscans. Three of them (one a bishop) have been brutally killed by Communists. At the time of writing this letter, Father Ulrich is in the hands of bandits or Communists. They are demanding a ten thousand dollar ransom. Of course, the bishop cannot give it to them. Even if he could grant their demands he would not; for it would be putting a price on every priest in China. Poor Father Ulrich. The Lord alone knows what he must suffer. We Passionists owe a great deal to him. He was ever very kind to us, especially to the first of our Fathers who came to China. He went out of his way to help us as much as possible. It was he who took care of Father Edmund Campbell when the latter was dying. It was he who arranged for Father Campbell's burial in the Franciscan cemetery. It is he who



MR. TAN, A CATECHIST, WITH AN A.B. DEGREE FROM THE DAYS OF THE EMPEROR.

showed such wonderful kindness to our Sisters when they came to China. God grant that no harm may befall him, and that he may soon be released. At present, nearly a month after his capture—and as far as we know—he is still in the hands of the bandits. The Passionists in China owe a great deal to the Franciscans in China, and it is no more than just that we beg you to remember them as well as us in your prayers for the missionaries.

Yes, we're surrounded with troubles. But, thank God, we're only surrounded; we're not in it. Hunan is quite peaceful just now. I venture no guess as to how long peace will last. In China you may go to bed singing "All is Well," but by the time you wake up you may have to change your song and put an "H" where before there was a "W."

If only there were peace in China! How much more might be accomplished for the cause of Christ Crucified! The year 1930 is still young. We beg that you make it your banner year for the mission cause. We need the help of your prayers and sacrifices. Without them we cannot go on. The ultimate success or failure of the cause rests, in a great measure, with you.



MEN AND BOYS OF CONGREGATION OF WANGTSUN ON THE LAST FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Gemma's League

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

THE METHOD: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

OBLIGATIONS: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

Masses Said	4
Masses Heard	18,427
Holy Communions	9,395
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	29,226
Spiritual Communions	63,404
Benediction Services	5,816
Sacrifices, Sufferings	33,694
Stations of the Cross	4,834
Visits to the Crucifix	26,637
Beads of the Five Wounds	6,544
Offerings of Precious Blood	102,615
Visits to Our Lady	22,954
Rosaries	20,950
Beads of the Seven Dolors	3,270
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,917,427
Hours of Study, Reading	21,463
Hours of Labor	35,438
Acts of Kindness, Charity	29,674
Acts of Zeal	38,555
Prayers, Devotions	394,671
Hours of Silence	23,239
Various Works	600,212

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

THE REWARD: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Calgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

CATHERINE T. CROWLEY
CHARLES N. HARRIS
KATHERINE McFEELY
AGNES CLEMENTS HAZEL
BRIDGET WALSH
GEORGE GRAEF
CHARLES FOYE, Jr.
ANNA DUFFY
MARGARET A. GRIFFIN
CHARLES O'DONELL
RICHARD P. ROSE

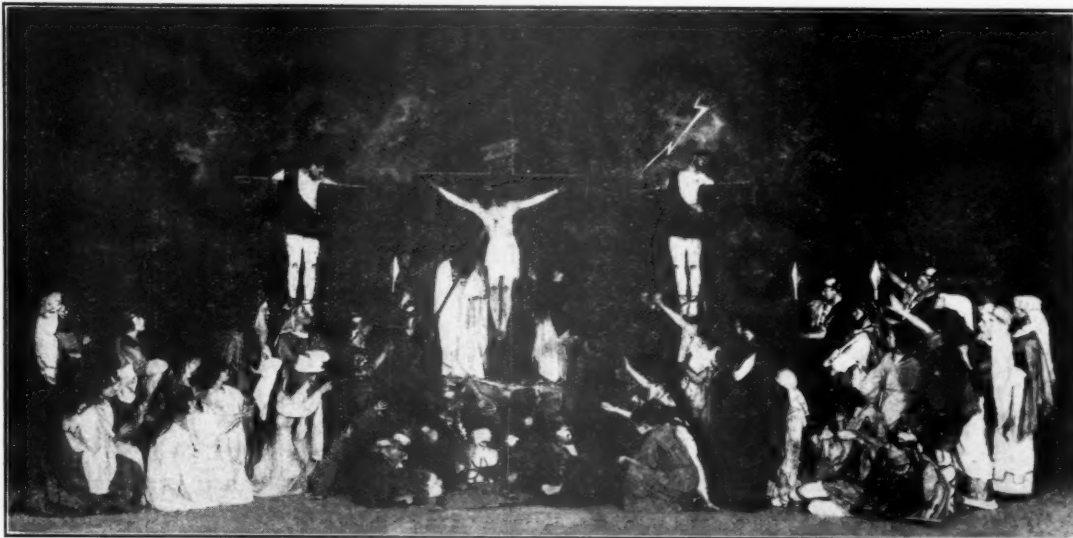
DR. C. D. ARTHUR
MARY AUGUSTA WHITE
THOMAS AHEARN
SARAH CARNEY
KATHRINE STAUNTON
LEO GRIMES
PATRICK J. BURKE
BARBARA KEMMET
WILLIAM J. ALGIE
FLORA CAMPBELL
MARY LEATLEY
WILLIAM J. SAUER
ANNA KINNY
MARY ELLEN COTTER
HATTIE A. HOGAN
CHARLES J. AHERN
MARY McGETTRICK
MARION BOWLER
MICHAEL CONBOY
MARGARET CONBOY

KATHERINE L. DONNEY
MRS. WILLIAM NOLAN
JOHN H. TAILOR
STEPHEN BOYLAN
BARBARA SELZAM
CATHERINE McAVINEY
HUGH KELLY
JAMES F. NORTON
EDWARD GILBOY
ZELIE THERRIAULT
JOHN DYAS
EDWARD P. RICHARDS
SARAH LAW
ELIZABETH A. BARRY
MARY COLLINS
REGENIA MUELLER
MICHAEL HUNT
KATHRINE BERKHEMER
THOMAS MOLONEY
MARY CONNORS

ELIZABETH V. LOFSTEDT
WILLIAM BURKE
MATTHEW STEHR
MARIE J. KELLEY
MARY BRENNAN
ANNA M. YOUNGBLOOD
ELLEN McHUGH
EDWARD SHERIDAN
MARY QUINN
MRS. J. BURG
MRS. R. MARTIN
MRS. ANNA PETTIT

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



THE IMPRESSIVE CRUCIFIXION SCENE IN "VERONICA'S VEIL"

America's Passion Play

"VERONICA'S VEIL"

DATES OF PERFORMANCES

CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCES

Sunday Aft....	February	16
Saturday Aft....	February	22
Sunday Aft....	February	23
Saturday Aft....	March	1
Sunday Aft....	March	2
Saturday Aft....	March	8
Saturday Aft....	March	15

ADULT PERFORMANCES

Sunday Aft....	March	9
Sunday Eve....	March	9
Tuesday Eve....	March	11
Thursday Eve....	March	13
Sunday Aft....	March	16
Sunday Eve....	March	16
Tuesday Eve....	March	18
Thursday Eve....	March	20
Sunday Aft....	March	23
Sunday Eve....	March	23
Tuesday Eve....	March	25
Thursday Eve....	March	27
Sunday Aft....	March	30
Sunday Eve....	March	30
Tuesday Eve....	April	1
Thursday Eve....	April	3
Sunday Aft....	April	6
Sunday Eve....	April	6
Tuesday Eve....	April	8
Thursday Eve....	April	10
Saturday Aft....	April	12
Sunday Aft....	April	13
Sunday Eve....	April	13
Tuesday Eve....	April	15
Wednesday Eve....	April	16

SIXTEENTH SEASON. Performances Every Sunday Afternoon and Evening; Tuesday and Thursday Evenings DURING LENT. From March 9th to April 16th, inclusive. The Most Soul-Stirring, Inspiring, Dramatic Spectacle Depicting the Betrayal, Death and Crucifixion of Christ Ever Staged.

A SPOKEN DRAMA

At St. JOSEPH'S AUDITORIUM

Fourteenth Street and Central Avenue

UNION CITY, N. J.

(Formerly West Hoboken, N. J.)

Tickets sold in advance. WEEKDAY EVENING PRICES: 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING PRICES: \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 All Seats Reserved.

Directions for reaching auditorium: From Newark, Elizabeth and other New Jersey towns, take Hudson Tubes at Newark to Journal Square, Jersey City, then Boulevard bus north to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

From Uptown New York, Pennsylvania and Grand Central Depots: Go to Hudson Tubes, 33rd Street and Broadway, take train to Journal Square, then Boulevard bus north to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

SPECIAL SERVICE: During the production of "Veronica's Veil" special cars marked Summit Avenue run from Lackawanna Station, Hoboken, to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

Special buses marked No. 20 at Fourteenth Street, Hoboken, connecting with ferries from 23rd Street, New York, run directly to the auditorium. One fare.

Special buses run from Journal Square to Fourteenth Street.

Special cars and buses leave St. Joseph's Auditorium for Hudson Terminal, Journal Square and 14th Street, Hoboken, after every performance.

TELEPHONE PALISADE 9800. PASSION PLAY NEWS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION. COPIES FREE. WRITE TO REV. ISIDORE L. SMITH, C.P., 269 Central Avenue, Union City, N. J.

NOTE: There are many Passion Plays, but only one "VERONICA'S VEIL." Every Catholic family should witness this wondrous production.

WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of, 19

*Signed
Witness
Witness
Witness*

Painless Giving

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

1 **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

MISSION NEEDS

2 **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3 **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of

(\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

YOUR LAST WILL

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address.
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts of the Church:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 24, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist

After Death One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

Furthermore: Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

***L**ONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. * * * * As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?*

PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

